

Our Christmas Number is Now Ready and for Sale by News agents

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

More than once I have had occasion to remark that the system of billeting preachers on the members of their denomination when they gather in Toronto for conference or convention, is a hardship which should be inflicted on no well organized home that is not wealthy enough to provide a spare room for itinerants. It will be noticed that Mr. Moody when he comes here to engage in his revival work was not "put up" by any private family, but was quartered himself at a leading hotel. The propriety of this must be evident to everyone. Mr. Moody and his wife did not purpose submitting themselves to the discipline of any family that might be willing to accept them as guests, for everyone knows that there is nothing so irritating and confining as the feeling that one's outgoings and incomings must be according to the ruling of somebody else. Admitting all this, however, the item that appears in the bill of expenses for the revival, \$250 for Mr. Moody and his wife at the Rossin House, marks the difference between the modern and the primitive revivalist. I find no fault at all with Mr. Moody living in a comfortable hotel. In this materialistic age, those of us who are perhaps half the year on the road allege that no hotel is too good for those who are forced to travel. Anyone who is deprived of the comforts of home for the larger portion of the year finds that nothing will take the place of the little things that we enjoy under our own roof. Yet it must be remembered that this idea and the money we spend in carrying it into effect are evidence of materialism of the grosser sort, and it becomes particularly noticeable when placed in contrast with high spiritual life and the crucifixion of the flesh. I doubt if St. Paul's hotel bill during the entire time of his ministry amounted to \$250, and I am quite certain that Christ had no hotel bill at all. I only mention these things in order to point out the difference between the habits of the primitive and modern man, and to invite the attention of the modern person who insists upon the prevalence of primitive methods, to a very interesting and instructive subject. The old-fashioned, straight-laced preacher who pounds the Good Book in the lusty and noisy style of the past, and urges the old regulations, with no modifications to suit the century, should consider this hotel bill and wonder how the fishermen of Galilee would have felt had they been presented at the end of two or three weeks of spiritual revival with a bill for \$250 at the Royal Solomon Hotel at Jerusalem. Again I ask my readers not to misunderstand me; I thoroughly endorse Mr. Moody's method of doing good and of taking care of himself, and there is nothing at all out of the way in his bill, but there is a difference between the way he works and the way the spirit moved the people on the Day of Pentecost.

Mr. Moody has done a good work, he has gone away, and I think it is for the Ministerial Association to sit down and study his methods and divide up the results as so much accomplished by singing, and so much by preaching, and so much of the success of the whole affair as may be legitimately called religious dissipation. A lady told me that she thought the Moody meetings were the loveliest things she ever saw, that she could go there and cry and have a good time, just the same as at a lovely play in the theater. There is something in this, and when one sees an item for the leading singers \$300—and they were well worth it—it is impossible to keep one's memory from turning back to the great waves of song led by these soloists; it almost made it impossible for one's soul to resist a surging about in the sea of repentance. Everything contributed to a beatific sense of comfort and safety if one could only be anchored by repentance and profession. I notice that Dean Jones at the Ministerial Association stated that on a previous occasion he had twenty cards introducing converts, and that out of these only two took the matter seriously after the wave had passed. To those believing with the revivalist, the saving of even two might be esteemed the most glorious work of the century. If we accept orthodoxy's idea of the frightful sufferings of the damned, the snatching of two brands from the burning and the saving to them of millions and billions of years of torture is in itself such an engrossing, all-absorbing and magnificent rescue that neither tongue nor pen can describe the grandeur of thefeat. That the clergy and the elect are not spending both nights and days in ensuring the complete safety of the fifteen hundred who "stood up," seems to me to indicate the absence of a living belief in the horrors of the other thing.

Am I to be blamed, a mere critic, spending my weeks in making passing comment on the ways of the world, if, remembering the toll some lives and dreadful deaths of the primitive preachers and early Christians, I almost laugh when scrutinizing the hotels bills of revivalists and the payments for song services to professional singers? It is certainly out of hang with the old methods, out of sympathy with the old ideas, and lacking in the spirituality and self-sacrifice and the looking up to God of the old prophets and teachers whose voices ring even "down the corridors of time." If we are to

have the religion of the prophets and the message of Christ delivered to us in thoroughly modern ways; if we are to hear these things in cushioned pews and with cushioned ideas, can those who are a little further advanced be blamed for believing that we might go to hear them in street cars instead of afoot, and that we might be permitted, if this modernized notion is right, to pattern our lives, not after the meek and lowly Nazarene, but after the well-hotelied, and well-groomed, and well-fed Mr. Moody of 1894? If we do this much even, we will make the world better, and I urge that this is the easy thing which we are expected to do and at the least should do for society's sake. All I ask is that the modern preacher who accepts Mr. Moody as the owner of the modern voice of one crying in the wilderness will now be cautious in text and discourse in demanding the sacrifices of the fishermen, the tears of the Magdalene, the Itinerary of Paul, and when

conscience—he was always missing when the supreme moment of trial demanded his presence. That he should forsake the Irish party in its greatest crisis would be consequently astonishing to no Canadian. He who suffers long and is kind, he who places himself at the disposal of those who have a good cause and a just grievance, must live a life of self-sacrifice and forbearance. The world never did know how to treat a true reformer and a just man made perfect, and it seems to me important that early in life a patriot—not a politician—more than any other man should make it a rule to forget all but his cause. That this has not been the motive of the majority, indeed, that it has hardly ever been discovered to be the guiding star of the few, is perhaps sufficient to account for the failures which immortalize the careers of all but the little *coterie* which represent in history the exponents of great principles. That centuries have to be searched through and the almost forgotten

they stand, together with a number of other things which have no more inherent right to exemption than I have and the printing company for which I work.

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In the past there have been three conspicuous features in the demagoguery of exemptions. The first and most seductive is the class appeal made to laboring men, clerks and those obtaining salaries less than seven hundred dollars per annum. The next was the tacit permission of rich men and millionaires to underestimate the amount of their income by thousands, perhaps millions of dollars. The third and most dangerous was the demagogic appeal to religious factions, couched in terms so obscure and with descriptions so remote from facts that Protestant churches could enjoy parks around their churches and cathedrals, and Catholic denominations obtain immunity for large tracts devoted, and I may say sincerely devoted, to religious work. Why

upon their full incomes the workingmen will need no exemptions, because they will be to a greater extent tax-free than before. Yet it is preposterous to talk of taxing bank stocks and mortgages while exempting the small householder, the wage-earner whose gains are less than seven hundred dollars a year, from everything. This would simply leave the capitalist to pay rent, taxes, mortgages, light and gas and fire protection, while the occupant of the tenement would be taxed for nothing, and everything would be put in the rent. It would be absurd to suppose that this sort of thing would not adjust itself in the near future, or that the small householder would not finally be left to pay all these things, leaving the capitalist with net income which would not be disturbed. In the interest of no party can the exemption system be continued. It was always wrong, unscriptural, a piece of bad politics, and socially a disturbing factor in all adjustments of what we should do and pay.

If all capitalists had to pay on everything that they had or earned, they would take a livelier interest in municipal politics, concern themselves in obtaining more businesslike methods, and there would be imported into the transactions which now purport to be public business a genuine interest and scrutiny which are now lacking. Moreover, there would be none of that shirking from the tasks of citizenship which distinguishes our present condition and threatens to destroy any efforts we may make towards re-organization. Anything that the Patrons, Ratepayers, the individuals of Ontario can accomplish which will mean the equalization of the burdens we bear and the dragging into the discussion of our business all important and neglected subjects, and the election of people who are fit to transact that business, cannot but be of inestimable value to the province and to every municipality which forms a part of it.

The investigation now in progress is divulging the existence in Toronto of a very peculiar and putrid condition of commercial morality. For years it has been suspected that aldermen were not always without guile, but no doubt there were many people who had no idea that contracts with the corporation were managed in the manner which has been in vogue. When we see aldermen reduced to the extremity of resigning and find men prominent religiously and socially admitting the use of money in order to obtain influence and contracts, we begin to wonder whom we can trust; in fact, people will be apt to rather nervously enquire if they can trust themselves. The general shaking up of public confidence may or may not do good. If the citizens of Toronto are satisfied with proving that a certain number of the trustees of the people are untrustworthy and tacitly settle down to the belief that, bad as they are, they are still as good as the average, great harm will have been done. If they re-elect to office men who have been distinctly besmirched, no other view can be taken of such conduct on the part of the elector than an endorsement of the methods which have been pursued. Furthermore, if they make no effort to obtain the services of wise and reliable business men, by common consent the office of alderman will be held as only fit for those who are tricky and unscrupulous. The opposite should be the case; the elector should select men who will do credit to the office. The difficulty no doubt will be to induce men who have business or reputation at stake to enter a municipal arena which has been disgraced by self-seekers and boodlers. A special effort should be made this year to rehabilitate the Council and to almost force the better class of business men to take an interest in our city politics. Business men cannot afford to permit the city's reputation to be damaged or its affairs to be administered by corrupt men. Yet even in the face of all that has been proven, I am afraid that the men who should interest themselves in bringing about a better order of things will be content with the vain imagining that a lesson has been taught to crooked contractors and venal aldermen. The lesson will amount to nothing unless we get different men and insist upon different methods.

The city made its grand mistake when it refused to elect E. B. Osler Mayor. Had he been in office we would have had a businesslike and strong administration of our affairs. He was defeated by a man whose friends claimed the position for him because the "mud of Cabbagetown had squirted through his toes when he ran barefooted on the streets." It was neither very polite nor in the nature of a strong recommendation to the chair of Chief Magistrate, but it was sufficient to capture votes, and one of the best organized and certainly one of the best-intentioned movements organized by business men was defeated. Probably in the face of all developments a similar movement would simply be disastrous; any tinkering with capital while labor is being toyed with and so-called religion is being chiefly considered, can result in nothing but an unsettling of our financial condition. If, however, the self-elected committee of reformers see fit to take hold of exemptions pure and simple because exemptions are wrong, I shall be glad to assist them by every means possible.

I believe that if the wealthy were taxed



A SYMPATHY.

speaking of the crucifixion of the unutterably lovely Christ, dwell more upon what He did and said than upon the mere doctrine of the Atonement. If they do this, it seems to me that they will find themselves less able to evade the paradox now presented by those who preach empty doctrines of sacrifice and try to inculcate the great lessons while wearing purple and fine linen and "taking it easy" themselves. Let us be consistent, even if we show ourselves content with the measure of sacrifice that can reasonably be demanded in this age of those whose nature revolt against taking up the cross and following Him in any conspicuous or long-suffering way. Let it be remembered also that the statement would not sound well in the mouth of any Christian man that the successful evangelist could make more money following some other profession, for was not Christ himself taken up into an exceedingly high hill and shown how He could own the whole earth if He sacrificed His ideal? What modern revivalist could do more? What one who really and intensely believes in all these beautiful things should do less?

One cannot view the career of Hon. Edward Blake without feeling sympathy for a man who in his best phases is superior to ordinary politicos, in his ambitions is hungry for political prominence and in his everyday make-up is insufficient in sympathy, in tact and breadth to be anything but more or less of a failure. Hon. Edward Blake has had opportunities offered to but few men, yet his career has been one of distinguished failure. When leader of the Canadian Liberals—a position he achieved by neither magnetism nor a superlatively high order of

ages have to be gathered into line in order to find a little band of great men who have fought for principle while their contemporaries derided and persecuted them, shows how hard a task it is for a man to be a true patriot. That so many have tried to play this role and have dropped disregarded if not ridiculous by the wayside, is perhaps an unduly discouraging fact when looked upon by those who are prone to enter themselves as apprentices in the noble order of patriots and never take a higher degree.

I understand that severally or jointly the Patrons' Association of this city and the Patrons of Industry have agreed to submit to the Legislature a new assessment act, the details of which I do not intend to discuss. Discussion of an absurdity is always useless, and if I am correctly informed they intend to adhere to no principle, but simply to indulge in the demagoguery of framing a class measure intended to harass capital, without recognizing that there is only one basis upon which a new measure can be framed. In short, I am told that they are simply nibbling at the question of exemptions. The principle of exemptions is either right or wrong. If any exemption needs to be abolished in order to facilitate the work of the assessor and in justice to the community, all must be done away with. If the Patrons' Association or the Patrons of Industry, or a combination of both, approach the Legislature with a half-hearted bill, they will be kicked out of court, for let it be remembered that Sir Oliver Mowat has now a majority of one. What they must frame and present is an anti-exemption bill that means what its title expresses. Their present humor, I am told, is to exempt churches and the land upon which

THREE PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENTS. THE BEST OF THE YEAR.

great cry has been to have men of the people. Presumably history will repeat itself.

The investigation so far has not disclosed very much of which the public were unaware. The charges have been more definitely made, the evidence is in a somewhat better shape, but as far as the almost certain knowledge of the public is concerned there was no serious doubt of all these things many months ago. Consequently it will be useless for us to pretend to be horrified. Toronto the Good is being governed very badly, and it will continue to be governed in the same way as long as the men who govern it are chosen, not because of fitness for the position, but on the basis of good fellowship, lodge influence or sectarian prejudices. It might not be a bad plan to try a commission for a few years till we get affairs straightened up. Some of the weakest spots in the administration are likely to remain untouched. Unless we are to derive a very definite measure of good from this investigation, it might as well cease. It, however, the citizens seize upon the opportunity to insist upon the candidature and election of men who know how to do business and can be trusted to do it properly, the investigation and the expense and humiliation inflicted upon us will be an experience of incalculable value. DON.

Money Matters.

With regard to investors, I have very little to say this week, because the Stock Market is absolutely featureless. There have been a few ups and downs, but nothing worth speaking of, and the brokers cannot earn a commission.

Referring to my notice about debentures.

The Beamsville Waterworks debentures were sold at a rate that will pay 4% per cent. per annum.

Harriston debentures were sold at a rate that will pay 4 1/2 per cent. per annum.

The Commissioners of the Niagara Falls park sold the balance—\$15,000—of their authorized issue of \$600,000 at a handsome premium. These are the choicest bonds in the province, because Ontario bonds stand highest in the market and they are a direct obligation of the Province of Ontario.

It may not be out of place to give the financial position of the province:

Total assessed value of property	... \$815,000,000
Bonded debt, including this issue	... 3,862,000
Tax rate	... nil
Population	... 2,114,000

C. P. R. earnings for the week ending November 21, were \$460,000, being a decrease of \$39,000 as compared with the corresponding week of last year. This stock fell more than was expected but is now beginning to recover. E.S.A.U.

Social and Personal.

"Beautiful Benvenuto" was the remark of many a charmed and appreciative guest on Wednesday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Janes were at home to a number of friends. The example of this host and hostess, of only asking at one time a sufficient number of guests to people without crowding their elegant salons, is worthy of consideration. It is much easier to ask everybody, and to trust that enough will be present from putting in an appearance to avoid suffocation of those present, but it takes a good deal of discretion and gives thrice the trouble to divide hospitality so that congenial people in reasonable numbers will have room to enjoy themselves. Benvenuto never looked more lovely, and never were host and hostess more kind and solicitous for the happiness of their guests than on the occasion above referred to. A capital dance programme was played by D'Alessandro's orchestra, the entrance hall and dining-room being cleared for dancing, and all about the charming mansion groups of guests chatted and promenaded between-whiles. Supper was served in the upper rooms and the arrangements were perfect. Several interesting strangers, whose conversation bristled with interest, were of the party. Mrs. French Sheldon, who was until Monday the guest of Mrs. Janes, and who returned from a lecturing engagement in Brantford to have a peep at Toronto in social attire, was *par excellence* the guest of honor. This lady, intrepid, intellectual and large-hearted, gives no sign of her indomitable will and courage as she sits in her rich gown and jewels and waves her ostrich fan, while a faint smile hovers over her lips at the questions of an entranced woman or interested man, who tries hard to realize that this is indeed the brave woman who penetrated the unknown ways of the dark continent. Mrs. Woodward of New York, who wore a lovely gown of pink satin, Miss Quinlan also in pink brocade with point lace and modish floating sashes of black and white ribbon, were visitors who were much admired. Miss Elliott of Belleville, who is, I believe, to go west with Mrs. Sheldon, was in pink silk and gauze, with many pretty flowers; Mrs. Hay wore a lovely pale blue gown; Mrs. Elliott was in heavy ribbed white silk with ribbon ruches and lace; Mrs. Alfred Cameron wore shot silk in opal tints, with white lace and corn color velvet; Mrs. J. K. Kerr was in cream brocade; Miss Dixon, in white; Miss May Walker, in pink moire; Mrs. Gibson, in gray with pink crepe and roses; the Misses Mackenzie, two of this season's *debutantes*, were in pink and blue satin respectively; Mrs. Bristol wore white silk; Mrs. Pelham Edgar wore black, with white insertion; Mrs. Auguste Bolte wore white embroidered satin; Miss Fanny Shanklin wore cream satin and spangled gauze; Miss Griffin was in black, with pink and white trimmings; Miss Thompson was in yellow silk and chiffon; Miss Alice Thompson, in her pretty *debutante* frock of white silk; Miss Dayton wore pale pink, with crimson and white roses; Miss Oler was very sweetly gowned in white silk, with pale blue ribbons; Miss Dallas was a picture in dove-gray silk and white lace; the hostess wore a sumptuous gown of moss-green miroir velvet, with bodice of black chiffon over white, and the Misses Janes were in white, Miss Louie with a touch of cerise ribbons; Miss Anthony was also a visitor much sought after, in white and scarlet; Miss Meredith wore white. Many another graceful and

handsome woman floated over the glassy inlaid floors, and it was not until after two o'clock that the last guest said adieu.

Many weary people fell asleep in a thankful frame of mind on the evening of the day set apart as a national Thanksgiving, but none had so thoroughly earned their rest as the officers and soldiers who made the day a memorable one by their admirable turn-out and well conducted manoeuvres. Early in the morning people wended their way to the West Side, afoot and *en vogue*, and stood in the breezy precincts of north-west Toronto to watch the boys in green and red, the Highlanders and the Regulars as they marched north in search of the enemy. After a long and interesting day afield, the officers attended a dinner at Webb's and did what justice a martial appetite could to the good things provided. Though everyone was tired out, everyone voted the day an immense success and one of thorough enjoyment.

Mrs. Herbert Walker of Beverley street gave a lovely tea on Saturday last to a large number of friends. Among the many ladies present I noticed: Mrs. John Riordan, Mrs. Irving Walker, Mrs. and Miss Douglas, Miss Ellis, Mrs. and Miss Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Phillips, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. F. W. Walker, Miss Dixon, Miss Preston, Miss Morton, the Misses Baird, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Mitchell.

Mr. George Hart will be much missed by a large circle of friends. He left for St. John's yesterday and bid good-bye to many friends at Benvenuto on Wednesday, who wished him heartily good fortune.

The St. Anne's Young Ladies' Swiss Club, of which Mrs. James Harold Kennedy is president and Miss Yda Milligan vice-president, will hold an At Home on Thursday evening next at St. Anne's schoolhouse.

Les Hiboux meet at the residence of Miss Susie Ellis, 583 Sherbourne street, this evening.

Mrs. A. Willis gave a largely attended ladies' tea on Saturday last at her charming home on Jarvis street, and was ably assisted in her pleasant duties by Misses Nellie Symington, Kate Moore, Carrie Hummie and Minnie Oldright. Among the guests were: Mrs. Henry Lamport, Mrs. T. Armstrong, Mrs. Walter Lee, Mrs. Hedley, Miss Hedley, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. Seymour Corley, Mrs. Henry Wright, Miss Hannaford, Mrs. Moore, the Misses Lamport, Mrs. McRachlin, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Macfarlane, and many others.

A most important social event of next week will be the Victoria University Conversazione on Friday. As a number of leading people of some of our smartest circles have signified their intention to be present, this pleasant annual function should not be missed by any who wish to spend an enjoyable evening.

Miss Mary Isabel Scott of Rosedale gave a very pleasant evening to a number of her friends on Tuesday evening. Among those present were: Miss Barbara and Miss Grace Martin, Mr. Robert and Miss Wightman, Miss Clark, Miss Bach, Mr. R. Gullett, Miss Doran, Mr. H. Whiteman, Miss McMullen, Mr. Barrie, Miss Jean McKenzie, Mr. Will and Miss Will, Mr. George Oram and Miss Oram, Mr. W. Bauld and Miss Bauld, Mr. John Wickson, Miss Bryce, Mr. W. Bowker and Miss Dunkerley.

Mr. and Mrs. Tottenham, who were last month called across the ocean and the continent to California from England by the illness of their son in the Far West, stopped over in Toronto for a few days on the return trip. These charming people have spent many years in India, and on Saturday, Mrs. William Boulton, who was their fellow passenger on the Britannic recently, gave an Anglo-Indian tea in their honor. Quality not quantity regulated the number of guests, who were almost all Anglo-Indians, and numbered many of the leading lights and dignitaries of the legal profession. The tea was unique both in interest and enjoyment, and many pleasant reminiscences were forthcoming from those who had sojourned in the land of Rudyard Kipling's stories. On Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Tottenham were entertained at supper by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crowley of St. George street, Mrs. Crowley having been also a passenger on the Britannic last month. The visitors left on Monday afternoon, quite in love with Toronto, where friends will be glad to claim their promise of a future visit.

Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Kiley go to New York next week for a short sojourn, that Mrs. Kiley may consult an oculist.

Mr. Wylie Grier gave a studio tea on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen were present. The center of interest was the portrait of Prof. Goldwin Smith, which Mr. Grier has not quite completed, and which is destined to hang in the Bodleian library at England's seat of learning. Mr. Grier has been very happy in his treatment of his subject, and those who know the expression and favorite pose of the savant recognized the professor in a very life-like and beautiful presentation. Mr. Grier's work above all shows refinement and delicacy of perception and his portraits are exquisitely finished. Mrs. Melfort Boulton was chaperone on the occasion of the tea, and among those present were: Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. and Miss Kingsmill, Miss Nellie Anthony, Mrs. Denison, and Miss Florence Dixon.

On Thanksgiving Day a number of small teas and dinners, scarcely deserving the name of functions, but very social and very merry, were given on both the east and west sides. A dinner party was given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick at Government House. A couple of St. George street hostesses also gave small dinners, at which the feast of Thanksgiving was duly honored.

A good many young and older folk will be sorry when St. Andrew's ball is a thing of the past. It is without exception the jolliest ball we have in Toronto, for when the Scot unbends for the purposes of enjoyment he does so with a hearty abandon which carries all before it. As the Yacht Club ball is the

most imposing function of the season (and, by the way, in that connection I must render to Mr. Seaver the honor which I inadvertently denied him, in some other part of these columns), so St. Andrew's is by common consent the merriest and gayest of all. And this year it has had, as prelude, a series of informal evenings down at the Highlanders' armory, at which Sword-dancer Murray and Piper Swanson have been masters of ceremonies, while the *elite* of society have mastered the pretty evolutions of the various Scotch dances which last night gave piquancy to the programme. Some, to the manor born, like Colonel Davidson and his captains, danced with deftness from the first, and several ladies whose grace and facility are otherwise notable, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Miss Walker, the Misses Miche, who inherit a love for all things Scotch, Col. and Mrs. Sweeny, and a host of bright young ladies and jubilant men, who skipped and balanced and practiced steps and Scotch shouts until the breath and endurance of each and all was utterly exhausted. Such have been the merry evenings before St. Andrew's ball, which will be a bright memory with many a fair or manly member of the season of '94 '95.

Miss Rowan of Winnipeg left for home on Wednesday, Seldon has a visitor more missed than this charming girl.

Miss Fairy Atkinson of Chatham has been for the past week the guest of Miss Katie Stevenson of Bloor street east, and has been a much admired visitor at several society functions.

Mrs. Clemon of Ottawa arrived on Wednesday on a visit to Mrs. Hetherington at Athelstan and Mrs. Somerville of Athelstan.

I hear Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald are thinking of removing from Avenue road to that pretty residence on St. George street recently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Totten.

A large dinner party was given at Government House on Saturday evening. Covers were laid for twenty-four.

Miss Anderson of Glasgow was last week the guest of Mrs. Tackberry, Jarvis street.

Miss Kirkpatrick has been for some time visiting friends in Kingston and returned home this week.

In connection with the decorations of the Granite Rink at the Yacht Club ball, I omitted mention of the very able committee who turned the bare expanse into a vision of beauty and comfort. This committee, under the direction of Mr. Seaver, with the help of various crews of the yachts, were responsible for the success of the scheme of decoration, which was planned entirely by Mr. Seaver.

The Dancing Club met for the first time at the Grange on Tuesday evening. Everyone connected with this new circle enjoyed the dance, and no doubt the fortnightly reunions will be very popular. The next rendezvous is the Homewood. Among the members are: Misses Hodgins, Small, Campbell, Dixon, Dawson and many others of equal prominence in social circles. Mrs. Melfort Boulton and Mrs. Irving Cameron, with other ladies whose names have escaped my memory, are chaperones. Several favored outsiders enjoyed the dance of Friday last.

Mrs. Alf. Blackburn of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. Coulter of 419 Wellesley street, where she will be at home to her friends on the first and second Wednesdays of this month.

Mr. A. W. Seagram of North Toronto is convalescent after an illness of several weeks.

Miss Jamieson of Rosedale was a *debutante* at St. Andrew's ball.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth gave a pink and white luncheon on Tuesday to thirteen lady friends. The decorations of the festive board were extremely pretty, and the color scheme was well carried out. Two large candelabra with pink and white candles and shades were at either end of the table, and a bowl of pink and white roses in the center rested on a centerpiece of pink silk. The guests were: Mesdames F. Arnould, W. Crowther, James Crowther, Fraser Macdonald, H. Paterson, Alfred Cameron, W. Barwick, H. D. P. Armstrong, Bolte, Armour, E. D. Armour, Bristol and Herbert Greene.

Mrs. Alfred Gooderham's tea on Monday was a most pleasant affair. Only ladies were invited and they turned out in vast numbers to pay their respects to the hostess of Maplecroft. Mrs. Gooderham was assisted in the drawing room by Miss Josie and Miss Monroe were in the dining room. Mrs. Cecil Lee always claims her old place as daughter of the house, and was very busy looking after her mother's guests. The refreshment table was lovely with white chrysanthemums and asparagus ferns, and richly set with toothsome dainties. A very large number of the leading women in smart circles were present, and I heard a good many regrets that bright and lovable Miss Maggie Gooderham was not of the pleasant coterie. I believe that young lady is, however, having a delightful sojourn in Europe just now.

Mrs. Somerville gives a tea at Athelstan next Thursday.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark gives a tea this afternoon.

Mrs. Dunn and Miss Dunn left for their home in Vancouver to-day. They have been spending the summer in Toronto, and their numerous friends regret exceedingly their departure and hope they may have a safe and pleasant trip home.

Mrs. Marsh gave a delightful tea on Thursday.

Dr. Pickering of 281 Sherbourne street gave a brilliant and enjoyable dinner in honor of Dr. A. Conan Doyle, one of his old schoolmates, and among those invited to meet the great author were: Prof. Goldwin Smith, Dr. I. H. Cameron, Dr. Stranze, Surgeon-Major Waddy of the British Army, Dr. Ryerson,

M.L.A., Dr. Campbell Myers, Dr. A. J. Johnstone, Mr. G. W. Torrance, Rev. J. W. Blackstone, Dr. Verner, Dr. Chafee, Mr. Arthur Hewitt and Major Mead.

Mrs. Henry Pellatt, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rogers, in Calgary, and has had the pleasure of welcoming her little granddaughter during her stay, returns home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucius O'Brien received yesterday, and will be also at home in the studio to-day to a number of invited guests.

By the way, a club has been formed in Montreal which might tempt into imitation some of those bright and buxom lasses and their chaperones who have achieved such prowess on the golf links. It is no less than a curling club, in which the mysteries of "sooping her up" and "lettin' her be" are fully elucidated. I wonder will Toronto ladies favor this departure?

Miss Emberson of Belleville is the guest of Mrs. Percy Beatty of Lowther avenue.

A meeting will be held next Thursday at the Wanderers' Club Rooms by those interested, to decide on the form of their winter hospitality, which vibrates between a public ball and a club at home.

Miss Mary Mara and Miss Gunther are giving a piano recital in the theater of the Normal School on December 6, and will be assisted by Signor Pier D'Isacco. A collection will be taken up in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital.

The annual dinner of the University of Toronto Faculty of Medicine will take place at the Rossin House on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 6.

The many friends of Mrs. Ahern of Sydenham street will be pleased to learn that she has recovered from her recent illness, and intends giving a young people's dance for her daughters on Thursday evening next, the cards for which are now out.

The hospitable doors of the Grange were open on Friday evening last, when Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith entertained a number of gentlemen at dinner. Those present were: Mayor Kennedy, Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, Dr. Sprague, Dr. Strange and Mr. Charles Lindsay.

Miss Falkiner, whose name headed the list of nurses who graduated from the Toronto Training School on Tuesday week, is a niece of Rev. A. H. Baldwin, rector of All Saints' church, and daughter of a well known barrister in Belleville. Miss Falkiner has a host of friends who wish her success.

Mrs. McDermid and Miss Kate McDermid were at home to many friends last Saturday. Although it was a disagreeable afternoon the pretty drawing room was full, Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Gordon did the honors of the tea-table, assisted by the men present, of whom there were not a few. The table was prettily decorated, yellow being the predominating color.

Miss Emily Senior, who is visiting her sister in New York, will spend the winter in Havana, Cuba.

Miss Florence Kane of Woodstock is the guest of Miss Ella Stanbury.

Mr. M. Chandler, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Ayr, is spending his holidays at his home in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles and family have moved from 320 Spadina avenue to 343 Huron street.

Captain Cartwright, lately of the D.S.I., London, and Mrs. Cartwright have come to Toronto and are at Stanley Barracks. Many old friends who knew them here some years ago are very pleased to welcome them back to Toronto.

The reception at Government House was as usual a bright hour in mid-week. A number of well known people, and also an unusual number of strangers, were present.

The concert and dance given by the Talagoo Lacrosse Club of Newmarket in the Town Hall last Wednesday evening proved a very successful affair. The programme consisted of short concert followed by very enjoyable dance. Among those present were: Misses Dolan, Peppiatt, George Wilson, Kelman, Hogg, Ratcliffe and Amy Lamont of Toronto, and Messrs. Hollingshead, Favelle, McCrimmon, Gerald Wade and C. H. Flood of Toronto (who took part in the concert), Doyle, Gibney, Burly, C. Boyd of Toronto, Montgomery, Burly, Coldwell and many others.

We are beginning to feel the Yule-tide's merry stir in the greater number of visitors at the store each day. Patrons familiar with our holiday trade are making their selections of choice Christmas gifts now, while we are able to give them our best attention for a leisurely inspection of, and their selections can be laid aside to be delivered by us to their order anywhere, at any time desired. Our Christmas display this year surpasses everything we have ever attempted before.

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Have just received some special lines in Satin, Duchess, and Brocades with 54 in Chiffon in all colors to match.

Special prices made for Trouseaux.

Mourning orders are completed on shortest notice.

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Dinner Sets..

\$90.00 Sets Reduced to \$60.00

\$75.00 " " " \$50.00

\$60.00 " " " \$40.00

\$55.00 " " " \$35.

Social and Personal.

The largest of the succession of teas which have this season been given by various well known women of fashion was held at Waveney on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Gooderham had assistance from her daughter, Mrs. Ross, in the reception-room, to which purpose the north drawing-room was devoted, and a constant stream of guests passed and repassed its portals. It is a three-fold tale, to descend on the beauties of Waveney, with its wealth of carved ceilings, its rare woods and sumptuous furnishings. No feeling of stiffness or ceremony encumbers the guests of the lovely place, whose master and mistress are noted for gentility and kindness through the length and breadth of Toronto. Mr. Gooderham, who is absent in Europe, was missed by everyone at Saturday's reception. D'Alessandro's orchestra played in a recess of the spacious hall, and a buffet was set in the dining-room with every imaginable dainty suitable to an afternoon reunion. A bevy of young people made their difficult way through the masses of silks and laces, and bore here and there the fragrant tea and ruby wine, according to the choice of some waiting visitor. Men, as I predicted, were there in scores, and very welcome they are, when one is lazy or absorbed in feminine confab, to search out the toothsome sandwich and the spiced wine for the woman they see unprovided. A handsome young cleric, Mr. Taylor of the Sabrevois, was here, there and everywhere, doing the work of three. Among the guests were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius O'Brien, Rev. Septimus and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. and Miss Elma Arthurs, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Major and Mrs. Hay, Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton, Major and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Wenvoe, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Lee, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Robert and Miss Gooderham, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Herbert Mason, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Mrs. Jack Massey, Mrs. Charles Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Davidson, Mr. Fitch and Mrs. Hetherington, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Young of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, Miss Brock, Capt. Michie, Capt. Robertson, Lieut. Donald and a host of young men and maid-servants, with many equally well known chaperones and attendant lords and masters.

Rev. Mr. George Nattress and his bride have been for a week in Toronto on their bridal journey, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Nattress of Carlton street. On Tuesday, Mrs. Nattress gave an impromptu tea for her visitors, at which the usual result of getting as many men and women into a pretty home as it could possibly contain was accomplished. Mrs. Nattress, in a very pretty gown and a fragrant corsage bouquet of pink carnations, presented her friends to the guest of the occasion; Mrs. George Nattress captured all hearts by her bright and charming personality, and a favored few at the close of the reception played and sang delightfully. Even those

Diamond Hall
RYRIE BROS.

The "Mouth" Mirror

— is the latest addition to our already long list of sterling silver requisites for a lady's toilet table.

This list contains many most desirable Christmas gifts, amongst which are:

Curling Sets
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&c., &c.

Ryrie Bros.

JEWELERS

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Mail orders receive
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COMPLETE CLEARANCE OF OUR ENTIRE MANTLE STOCK

WE'RE making preparation to occupy our new seven-storey building, and in the re-arrangement of departments it's important to get stocks on hand as low as possible and lighten the labor of handling, hence stupendous cuts in mantles.

Ladies' Beaver Coats, raised seams, big seams, latest style, worth \$8.00 to clear.	\$5.35
Ladies' All-wool Nap Frieze Coats, Beaver-trimmed collar and lapel, edged front, worth \$11, to clear.	7.30
Beaver Coats, light flitting, handsome bordering, in blacks and browns, regular price \$16.50, to clear.	8.50
Handsome Coats, braided back, front, cuffs and collar, browns and black, light flitting, regular price \$35, to clear.	21.00
25 Ladies' Capes, trimmed or untrimmed, regular price \$9.50, to clear.	6.00

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S. W. Cor. Queen and Yonge Sts., Toronto | Entrance—Yonge St. W. Store Nos. 170, 172, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street | 1 and 3 Queen Street

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JOHN GATTO & SON
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During Rebuilding

JAMES SCOTT & SON

Are showing a Very Complete and Varied Stock of
WHITE SCOTCH CURTAIN MUSLINS

In the newest designs—large, medium and small spots; sprigs, stars, sprays, etc.
WIDTHS—30, 36, 45 inches. PRICES—15c, 18c, 20c, 22c, 23c, 25c, 27c, 30c.

These Muslins make the daintiest and freshest of Curtains, and continue to be universally in fashionable use.

Prompt Attention to
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91-93 KING STREET EAST

Ostrich Feathers at Home

That is, on the Ostrich are curled by nature. We have taken nature as a guide in the artistic work of Feather Curling. As to Colors and Dyeing we think we can improve even on her work.

An Ostrich with a set of our Feathers would be a much prettier bird than one decked with nature's plumes. The Cleaning, and Dyeing of Plumes, Tips, Fans and Boas is artistic work; our workmen are artists; the result is beautiful. Old Feathers made to look like new.

Send for pamphlet.

R. PARKER & CO.,

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Gas Fixtures

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In keeping with the rest of our stock the prices are *extremely low* and cannot fail to commend themselves to the judgment of all careful buyers.

For the next two weeks we offer an extra 10 per cent discount off our regular net prices.

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Holiday Sale DRESS GOODS MANTLES SILKS

The entire stock to be offered at reduction prices this month, cost of goods not considered. Come and be convinced that buying at our sale you save money and purchase reliable material.

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Tons of Turkeys
Geese, Ducks
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Special prices and extra quality for Thanksgiving. Choice Fruits, Fresh Vegetables, New Canned Goods, Fresh and Salt Fish, Fresh Bulk Oysters—solid meat, Blue Points and Malpeques, in shell, by the dozen or barrel.

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Six Doors East of Spadina Avenue.

Dressmaking

Miss M. E. LAKEY

—formerly of 80 Gerrard Street East, begs to announce to her numerous customers that she has removed her Dressmaking establishment to the above address.

Latest English French and American Styles.

Mourning orders promptly attended to. Evening Dresses and Trousseaux a specialty.

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Monday and Thursday Afternoons
Also Thursday and Friday Mornings.

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WE invite an inspection of the latest

FRENCH AND AMERICAN

Pattern Bonnets, Veilings and Millinery

Novelties

Our DRESSMAKING department as usual this season will guarantee perfect satisfaction.

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Superior Corsets

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C. Standard Dress Bone

UNEQUALLED in quality or price. The steel is of extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior satin. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends or become detached.

Standard Dress Bones are put up in lengths 6 to 10 inches, also in sets.

They are recommended by leading dressmakers.

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Couture of the fashionable society. Always ready, always prepared, always convenient. Can be dressed high or low. Fashionable parted society Bangs for ladies going to parties, whose hair does not keep its place. Hair-dressing for balls, weddings, etc., should be made in advance. Hair-trimming, Singeing, Shampooing, and Hair-Treatment after fevers or other illness.

Hair Ornaments
Hair Goods, Toupes, Wigs, Wigs and Switches, larger stock than in other places in Toronto put together. Larger wigs, better qualities, more fashionable and prices lower.

PERFECTION
For good and reliable Perfumes, Soaps, Powders, etc. Manufacture and Dealer in Hair Goods, Hair-dressing, Hair-trimming, Singeing, Shampooing, and Hair-Treatment after fevers or other illness.

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Fashionable Hairdressing for balls, weddings, theater, photos, etc.

Ladies should make their appointments early and avoid crowding and disappointment.

Fancy hair ornaments in gold, silver, red tortoise-shell, real and artificial pearls, hand-made and odd designs.

Chignons, the most convenient and fashionable hair dress for ladies, from \$6 to \$10. Hair goods of every description.

Fringes, Bows, Waves, Wigs and Switches.

PEMBER'S Hair and Perfumery Store, 117 Yonge Street.

The Last Duel in Ontario.

Written for Saturday Night by Charles Lewis Shaw.

Duelling, as a fashionable pastime, has gone out. If we have anything against a man nowadays, we black-ball him at the club, or write a letter to the papers, or retain B. B. Osler to talk to a jury about him. If you kill a man in this end of the nineteenth century according to any code of honor at variance with that of Sir John Thompson's Criminal Code, 55-56 Victoria, chap. 29, if you can be caught you will be hanged; hanged by the neck until you are dead, as a judge with an ominous and very unbecoming black cap on his head will briefly state after a few preliminary remarks as to date and location. He will probably conclude with the kindly hope that God will have mercy on your soul.

That knowledge has knocked duelling out of fashion all over the English-speaking world. There is nothing romantically heroic, after that vague thing called honor has been satisfied by killing the other fellow, to know that you will be a source of much attention from the governor of a gaol, half a dozen turnkeys and a night watch for a few weeks, and then brought out into a gaol yard with your arms tied behind you and made to provide copy for half a dozen newspapers whose representatives have severally received instructions from their respective city editors to make about two columns of it, as it is not worth any more. It will not be of any special interest to you that your breakfast bill of fare, and what you partook thereof, the color of your trousers and the fact that your gentlemanly attendant, who was procured at great expense, did his business in a workman-like manner, will be carefully detailed in the evening papers, and that nine out of ten of the papers will say that you were launched into eternity, because you will then be dead. In twenty-four hours people will return to wondering who it was who shot Frank Westwood, or whether wheat can possibly get any lower than fifty-three cents.

But human nature hasn't changed since the days when our grandfathers got up at an unearthly hour and stood as marks to be shot at. Steam, electricity and smokeless powder haven't revolutionized the old Adam within us. We are in a way only better regulated. Custom, not human nature, has changed since the time when the Duke of Buckingham's intimacy with the Countess of Shrewsbury was of such a scandalous nature that it roused the resentment of the noble Talbot, her husband, even in the complacent days of the second Charles. At that hostile meeting not only the principals, but the seconds engaged. The Duke Lothario ran the injured husband through the body and left the field with the now dowager Countess, who, dressed as a page, was holding her paramour's horse in a neighboring wood. The King pardoned his erratic favorite, and that was all there was about it.

Yes. Times have changed. That scene could not occur at the present time. The Earl of Shrewsbury, supposing he had suffered that wrong in this civilized nineteenth century, would probably have the same desire to kill the festive Duke, but he would reason it out that as the desecrator of his home was one of the best swordsmen in Europe there was no further necessity of losing his life as well as his honor at his hands; that if he should succeed in killing his opponent he would very probably be hanged, and that he would lose his life hit or miss. He would probably instruct his solicitor to institute proceedings.

No modern seconds, if they could be procured, would engage in mortal combat just out of politeness. The chances are they would tritely remark that it was none of their funeral. No frail Countess would dress herself up as a page nowadays. A page's costume is not nearly as becoming as in the days of the Stuarts. And if it did occur, there would be no pardon, for Queen Victoria is slightly different, thank Heaven, from Charles II.

A history of the evolution of duelling from the days of David and Goliath to the time when old George III. made it unpopular by hanging the survivor, would be good reading. The Church, unable to restrain it in the early days, endeavored to control it by the system of judicial combats, and duelling was part of the common law, one being instituted in England as late as the time of Charles I. Despite the numerous statutes and enactments against the practice throughout Europe, the duel was commonly resorted to by men who imagined that the only satisfaction to their strained, and oftentimes ridiculous, sense of honor was mortal combat. In England it survived until the early part of this century. I cannot for the life of me see where the satisfaction would come in, except in a very few isolated cases. If the other fellow killed you there would not be much satisfaction in it for you, and if you killed the other fellow you would only have the satisfaction of carrying around the thought of having murdered someone in a gentlemanly sort of way, which has a tendency to keep a man awake at night. During the last century no gentleman would have moral courage enough to decline a challenge. He would be branded in every club and mess-room in the three kingdoms as a coward and would be socially ruined. Col. Thomas, an officer in the Guards, who was killed in a duel, added this clause to his will the night before the fatal meeting: "In the first place I commit my soul to Almighty God in hope of his mercy and pardon for the irreligious step I now (in compliance with the unwarrantable customs of this wicked world) put myself under the necessity of taking."

How prevalent the custom of duelling was and how trivial its causes, the literature of the reigns of Anne and the four Georges shows. Stern's father fought a duel about a goose; Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth fought with swords in 1765 as to who had the most game on his estates. Lord Byron must have had, for he killed Mr. Chaworth. In 1789 H.R.H. the Duke of York got a lock of his flaxen wig shot off on Wimbledon Common by Col. Lennox, the nephew and heir of the Duke of Richmond, for remarking that Col. Lennox submitted to words which no gentleman should submit to. Duels were fought from disputes at cards or a place at the theater. Hundreds of challenges given and accepted while in their cups,

the spirit which so long pervaded some of the military settlements in Canada.

After the fall of Napoleon and the conclusion of the American war of 1812-13, the British army was reduced to a place-keeping and several of the regiments were disbanded in Canada, lands being allotted them in proportion to rank, and tools and rations being provided the men under certain regulations as to settlement, etc. Perth, now the county town of the county of Lanark, was one of the most important centers of one of these military settlements. Many of the officers of the gallant Glengarry Fencibles and a number from other regiments settled here, who, together with the soldiers from all branches of the service, gave a decidedly military flavor to the social life of the little community. Isolated from the rest of the world, living almost entirely within themselves under semi-military laws, like the Bourbons, forgetting nothing and learning nothing, the settlement for the first twenty-five years of its existence presented a curious anomaly, an Old Country village of the last century in the backwoods of Canada. It was known as the half-pay officers' paradise. The distinction of class and the precedence of rank were as rigidly insisted upon in their log houses in the bush as at a grand review on Hounslow Heath or at a levee at St. James' Palace.

Proud, arrogant old fellows they were, these half-pay officers, but brave and gentle and manly within. If they had faults they had greater virtues, which have so impressed themselves on our national life that much is due to them. In the early thirties there were two young men engaged in the study of law in this quaint old town, who were not only sought after by ambitious mammas for every social rout and party, but were looked upon by the people at large as being lads of peculiar promise in their profession. They were both of good family, Robert Lyon being a son of Captain Lyon of Richmond, a neighboring settlement, and the father of John Wilson was a Scotch gentleman of scholarly tastes, but slender means, who had made many sacrifices to give his son a profession. Some of the oldest residents of Perth yet remember them and speak of the inseparable friendship that existed between them, and the manly light-hearted natures of the lads. Lyon was a student in the office of his kinsman, the father of the late William Radenhurst, and Wilson in that of the Hon. James Boulton, two leading offices in the Ottawa valley. In the spring of 1833 the two students were sent by their respective principals to Bytown, then an unimportant village, on some legal business in which both offices were interested. Whatever it was that occurred between them in Bytown which was the first cause of the subsequent tragedy, the outside world will never accurately know. Tradition speaks of a half-laughing, half-serious remark by Lyon, in which a lady's name is thoughtlessly used in the confidence of late hours, pipes, and wine. The remark is taken seriously by Wilson, who wrote in confidence to a lady in Perth, a relative, regarding its truth. In a short time the inevitable result followed, and Lyon returned to Perth to receive only a haughty stare from the lady whose name he had thoughtlessly spoken and a practical dismissal of his suit from Miss —, his flancee. Half maddened with these, to him, inexplicable insults, he demanded an explanation. Wilson's relative refused to divulge her informant's name without his consent. Wilson came forward manfully and admitted his share in the affair and said he was justified under the circumstances. There was a casual meeting before the court house, some hot-tempered words were exchanged, a blow given by Lyon was received on the cheek by Wilson and they were separated. To understand what follows one must consider the situation of the parties. Lyon, connected by blood and marriage with the principal families of the settlement, genial, dashing, and debonair in his manner, strikingly handsome, an athlete who easily surpassed all his companions in feats of strength and skill, would undoubtedly have the sympathy of the little community which was their social world in the quarrel between the former friends; while Wilson, of little social influence, of a shy, sensitive but proud temperament, had few of those more superficial qualities which make a man popular. What feelings agitated the breast of the proud, sensitive boy — for Wilson was not twenty-one — during the days that followed the encounter at the court house, one can only imagine. How his cheek must have tinged as he thought of what the half-pay officers, the magnates of his world, would say. No gentleman will submit to a blow! How

must his blood have boiled as he realized the fruitlessness of returning a blow against an athlete like Lyon! How he must have thought that every man looked upon him, with their old-fashioned ideas, as a coward, and every woman as a traducer! Oh, if they only knew that he had a right to send that letter, a right to know as to the truth of Lyon's words! It must have been in this frame of mind that he consulted some companions as to what action he should take. Queer counselors they were, brought up with the old ideas of their fathers, who forgot that the world had changed since they were young men and talked as blithely about pinking or winging their men as if old George III. were yet on the throne. They determined that Wilson had received a deadly insult and that his outraged honor demanded satisfaction, and a challenge was sent to Lyon. It is a noticeable peculiarity of the history of duelling that it is almost invariably the friends that seem to think that the only thing to wash out what they grandiloquently call dishonor, is blood. There can be little doubt that both Lyon and Wilson, despite their unfortunate quarrel, sincerely liked each other in their heart of hearts as much as ever, but they, in the language of the Code, were in the hands of their friends.

A venerable and much respected lady, almost

the last link that connects the earliest settle-

ment with the present, told me the story the other day. "I was only a girl at the time," she said in her gentle Scotch voice, "and had just come out." And the dear old lady, the belle of other days, paused and seemed to travel back over the long sixty years to the time when her beautiful white hair was golden and her wrinkled cheek was ruddy with youth and health. "I knew poor Mr. Lyon and Mr. Wilson. Everyone was surprised when they heard of the duel, for only the second and the surgeon knew, I believe. Everything was conducted properly, you know," said my informant, drawing herself up, more erectly if possible than before, on the chair whose back she would have scorned to touch and looking as if the only impropriety there could be about a duel was the manner in which it was carried out. "Mr. Julius Lelievre, a son of Captain Lelievre, an officer in the French navy who had left the French service with his ship, so it was said, in the last war, and joined the British, was Mr. Lyon's second; Mr. Simon Fraser Robertson, son of Captain Robertson, acted for Mr. Wilson, and young Mr. Reade, son of staff-surgeon Reade, was the surgeon. Young Mr. Reade went into the army and became a surgeon-major. He distinguished himself lately in the Crimea and in the Mutiny.

"The meeting took place just beyond the town line on the right bank of the Tay. There was a large elm tree on the spot which is there yet. Mr. Lyon was what is called a crack shot, but both missed at the first fire. Efforts were then made by Mr. Robertson and Mr. Reade to bring about an understanding or reconciliation, but both gentlemen were proud and Mr. Lelievre, it is said, would not agree to an amicable settlement and the pistols were reloaded and the principals were again placed on the ground. At a word, both pistols exploded together and Mr. Lyon fell heavily backward, shot through the heart. The ball entered below the leveled right arm and he was dead before Mr. Lelievre and Mr. Reade got to him. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Robertson at once gave themselves up to the authorities, but were acquitted by the jury at the ensuing assizes at Brechin. Mr. Lelievre at once left the country and died a few years ago at Sierra Leon in the west coast of Africa. Mr. Wilson practiced law at London, Canada West, and as you know became the Hon. Mr. Justice Wilson of the Common Pleas, but the death of poor Mr. Lyon, I know, was a life-long, heart-felt sorrow to him until the day he died, a few years ago, crowned with years and honor."

This was the last duel in Ontario. It excited much interest throughout the country and the tragic pathos of Lyon's death showed the terrible nature of the custom divested of its medieval vanities and fantastic nonsense. It served to extinguish forever the few embers of the old duelling spirit that still fitfully smouldered throughout the Canadas. It died with dignity, however, and painful as it may be, the thought of those two proud gallant lads facing death on that June morning long ago, not with the hideous desire to kill but in compliance with the belief that honor demanded that a custom that was virtually obsolete before they were born should be carried out, makes one hesitate before laughing at the code of honor as only silly and ridiculous. It sometimes had at least the dignity of tragedy.

Of all the brief life stories of the early time chiseled on the marble slabs in the old burying-ground in Perth, where our forefathers sleep the long, long sleep, there is none sadder than that told under the old shattered yew tree by a stone inscribed:

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING

Dedicated to the memory of

ROBERT LYON,

(Student-at-Law.)

He fell in mortal combat 13th of June, 1833, in

the 20th year of his age.

REQUIESCAT IN PAECE.

PERTH, November 5, 1894.

Do Not Insure

Until you have seen one of the unconditional policies of the Manufacturers' Life. Every policy is without conditions as to habits of life or manner of death, and non-forfeitable from any cause whatever after the first year.

Head office, cor. Yonge and Coborn streets, Toronto.

Like the Laws of the Medes and Persians

the quality of

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA

CHANGETH NOT. Always of one uniform standard of excellence.

SOLD ONLY IN LEAD PACKETS, BLACK OR MIXED

Repairing an Old Saw.

"Mamma," said a small girl, "why can't we have a grand piano?"

"Because we can't afford it, dear," her mother answered. "You must wish for a hen that can lay golden eggs."

"But, mamma," protested this literal young lady, "while you are about it, why not wish for a hen that can lay a grand piano?"

Weather Bulletin.

PROBABILITIES NEXT FOUR WEEKS.

At this time of the year it is safe to predict that the weather will be wet, cold and generally uncomfortable, and it is also safe to state that a Rigby Coat is really the only satisfactory outside garment to wear. No matter if the weather is wet, cold or stormy, one is always warm and comfortable in a Rigby Coat.

Jack—Are the new five dollar silver certificates out? George—I haven't noticed any. Jack—Oh, well, it doesn't matter much. One of the old ones will do, if you can let me have it for a few days.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health Says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in consumption, and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results."

H. P. YEOMANS, A.B., M.D.

Laurence—Mr. Gianville must be reconciled to you; I don't see his vicious bulldog around his place any more. Allan—No; I bet a policeman ten dollars the dog wasn't mad.

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

Slimpurse (airily)—Aw, me good man, is it customary to tip waiters heah? Head-waiter (condescendingly)—Not unless you are richer than the waiter, sir.

Deceiving the Ladies.

The unceasing struggle for supremacy in almost every line of trade undoubtedly has a tendency to make dealers resort to questionable methods of business. Take, for instance, a line of high class dress goods like Priestley's which has been brought to a state of perfection and has attained popularity everywhere. As soon as the ladies insist upon having these goods and no others, it is reported that some merchants have even taken the "Varnished Board," Priestley's trade mark, out of the genuine Priestley's black dress goods or Cravettes and wrapped inferior goods upon it for the purpose of deceiving the customer. Fortunately, however, an extra protection was adopted by the manufacturers stamping the name "Priestley's" and the length on every five yards, so that ladies who want these goods can be sure of getting them. These goods are for sale by W. A. Murray & Co., Toronto.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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The Drama.

ASSEY Hall has this week quite overshadowed the theaters in the importance of its attractions, with Conan Doyle Monday night, and David Christie Murray Tuesday night, and T. D. Sullivan Thursday night. To treat of Dr. Doyle first, no person who was present Monday night could fail to come away without an enhanced opinion of the man who has written detective stories that rank high in literature, and who has largely contributed to the present revival of the historical novel when experts had for long deemed it dead. He is a strong man who holds himself thoroughly in hand. He seems to regard himself not as a wonder, but as a worker. He spoke for an hour, and necessarily about himself, yet his tone was so dispassionate that the audience had not had enough of it when he ceased, for there was not the faintest odor of egotism in it all. It was made plain that he regards his Sherlock Holmes stories as apart from the real literary work of his life, yet he realizes that at present these lighter creations overshadow his historical novels. It can readily be believed that he has received angry letters from all parts of the world protesting against the way he allowed Sherlock Holmes to meet a violent and premature death at the very zenith of his power. He says that if he had really committed murder he could not have been more exonerated. If Dr. Doyle received no letters of complaint from Canada it was because we felt that to complain were useless, after the fatality. But does not the survival of the detective's brother afford the author a chance for occasionally giving us a story of this special brand?

It was to me a pleasant surprise to hear Conan Doyle speak in terms of unqualified praise of Edgar Allan Poe's detective creation, Monsieur Dupin. By a coincidence our reviewer in another part of the paper, whose matter was handed in previous to Dr. Doyle's lecture, points to Edgar Allan Poe as the first writer of artistic short stories in English. Dr. Doyle seems to hold this view and he warmly eulogized Poe and especially for his creation of Monsieur Dupin. This contained a surprise, because in *A Study in Scarlet*, Sherlock Holmes is made to speak of Dupin as a very inferior fellow, possessed of some analytical genius, but very showy and superficial, while as for Gaboriau's Lecoq, he was dubbed a fool outright. This seemed harsh and unjust to Dupin and it is pleasant to hear Sherlock's

men. Dr. Doyle stated on Monday night that The Cloister and the Hearth was in his opinion the greatest novel of the century, and he quoted Charles Reade as saying that he "had milked three hundred cows into his pail, but the butter was his all the same"—referring to the books he had read preparatory to writing his own. Reade, too, then, had an infinite capacity for work.

The selections read by Conan Doyle from his own works were very happily chosen. He gave samples of Sherlock Holmes' remarkable powers of deduction, and I am sure whetted everyone's appetite for a complete reading of the twenty-six stories in which the detective figures. The Lord of Chateau Noir, a short story which has appeared in an English periodical, but not yet in book form, is evidently one of the strongest he has written, judging from the portion which the author read to us. To all who have read even a portion of his works the lecture of Conan Doyle was an unmixed and rare pleasure. It

me in good stead on that occasion. I do not want to boast but to state a fact—we drove the sixty Greeks from the place with our fists." They then emerged with revolvers drawn and walked backwards to their hotel, followed by an angry mob which eased its feelings by breaking the windows of the hotel into which the adventurous Englishmen retreated. He holds that to be a scienced boxer is an invaluable accomplishment. David Christie Murray made a host of friends in this town, who will keep track of him and his books hereafter. Should it be possible to have him return for another lecture it is safe to say that Massey Hall would be taxed to hold the crowd that would come out to welcome him.

Swiftly in the wake of Dean Hole, Conan Doyle, and David Christie Murray, comes the intimitable Max O'Rell to Massey Hall, Dec. 3. As a popular attraction he no doubt surpasses all the others, for he has made several tours in America, and as a humorous critic and caricaturist of men and customs is un-

niment of winks, then they are purposeless. Harry Bryant in his jokes is at times as vulgar as the rest. Scenically the show is extra good, its people are clever, and if they were not kept so busy saying improper things they might be very entertaining.

Sam T. Jack's Creoles are giving a show at the Academy of Music, which may be described as a mixture of minstrelsy, vaudeville and living pictures. Tom Brown, the protean artist, gives a good imitation of first a Chinaman and then a banana man. Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh are clever, and the show all through elicits applause enough, but what struck me most was the extravagant language of the programme. It would appear that the Creole rivals the African in a love for big words. The thing is full of Terpsichorean triumphs, and other many-syllabled features.

My Partner is a good melodrama and pleased the patrons of the Grand during the latter half of last week. Special Delivery, which is running this week, is a fair comedy drama, with an interesting plot.

The most important lecture announcement of the present season seems to be the forthcoming visit of ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, who has the enviable reputation of being the greatest orator in America and has been secured for one night in Toronto after long negotiations and at great expense. His subject will be *Anarchy and Plutocracy*, and it is safe to say the Pavilion will barely hold all who will wish to hear this brilliant and gifted speaker. The tickets are placed at one dollar and special means will be taken to prevent speculation.

The annual entertainment of the Ancient Order of Foresters took place on Thanksgiving evening in Massey Hall and was a pronounced success the hall being crowded in every part. Miss Agnes Knox was at her best and delighted the audience by her rendering of The Moffatt Mail Guard and Preparing to Receive Company. The musical part of the programme was well sustained by Miss Lilli Kleiser and H. M. Blight, Walter H. Robinson and James Fax. Mrs. H. M. Blight was the accompanist. The proceeds were in aid of the Hospital fund of the order.

Miss Jessie Alexander is much in demand by Scotch societies this season. During the past week she has given her monologue, Coaching in Scotland, at five St. Andrew's anniversary concerts from Montreal to Detroit. She is also engaged by several of the Scottish societies through New York State for recitals in January.

For the first time in years Toronto playgoers, old and young, will have an opportunity of seeing a genuine English Pantomime Co. Christmas week at the Academy. James R. Adams, the famous pantomime clown and comedian, will produce his pantomimical farce, entitled *A Crazy Lot*, in which he will appear in his famous character of Humpty Dumpty.

The attraction announced for the Academy next week is The Police Patrol, a scenic melodrama that has always been well received in Toronto. The management has spared no expense in mounting this production with magnificent scenery, and shows the real patrol wagon and the identical historical horses, known as the White Patrol, that saved the lives of scores of police officers in the Anarchists' riot at Haymarket square, Chicago, some years ago.

Next week at the Grand we shall see Sardou's great play, Madame Sans Gene, and at Jacobs & Sparrow's The Trolley System.

Mrs. Agnes Black gives her annual recital in Association Hall on Monday evening, December 3.

The costume entertainment given on Tuesday evening by children attending Holy Trinity Sunday school was a successful little affair and reflected credit upon those who instructed the performers. Particular care had been bestowed upon the dressing of the various pieces presented, and the children were letter-perfect in their parts. Winnie Lewis, Edna Dower, Emily Miles and Georgie Baker were among those who had important parts and acquitted themselves well.

A Charming Elocutionist.

One of the most progressive entertainers before the Canadian public this season is Miss Annie Louise White of New York, whose clever versatility as an elocutionist was proved during a most successful tour through the provinces last season.

Last season Miss White's programme consisted of miscellaneous selections of wide va-

The Stream.

For Saturday Night.
Why sings the silvery stream,
Which wanders, round the hill,
And calm as in a dream
Unites with yonder rill?

Wild winter's day draw near,
And cold its waters grow ;
But there abides no fear,
Nor sorrow in its flow.

It sang its merry lays
In spring and summer's prime,
In autumn's dreary days
More music marked its rhyme.

I saw the ill-fated
The royal rose grow dim ;
Still down the golden glade,
It hummed its forest hymn.

The frost, the ice, the snow
Will gather on its brink,
And willows, bending low,
Will stoop in vain to drink.

But far below the frost,
Beneath the ice and snow,
Its voice, nor hushed, nor lost,
Sings ever with its flow.

O stream, that doth rejoice,
In winter as in spring,
Give me thy perfect voice,
That I may ever sing.

ALBERT R. J. F. H. BOARD.

The Life I Wish.

For Saturday Night.
I envy not the warrior's name,
Which smiles the people's hearts with awe,
Nor mighty Cæsar's ancient fame,
Whose dread word was instant law.

No! not for me the tyrant's bliss,
Which fiend-like glories in a groan,
More bless the slave who kneels to kiss
The feet of Mercy on the throne.

I score the empty idle show
Attendant on the rich and great,
Which lives upon another's woe,
And fills the poor with grief and hate.

Away with pomp! Away with pride!
Let every selfish aim begone!
I'll tell, and hope what'er befalls,
That higher things may bear me on.

That nobler life I would attain,
That comes of pure unselfish deeds,
That helps to bear another's pain,
And up the heavenly pathway lead.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON.

Memories.

For Saturday Night.
Black places on the mountain's height,
And a look o'er leagues of plain;
To where Ontario's waters bright
Stretch, far as eye can strain.

White sands by a tropic sea,
And the heat of the south land's breath;
In the climes where love is warm and free,
And hate is cruel as death.

Grim London's mighty roar!
The mother of nations' heart,
Heart of the land that evermore
Will act her glorious part.

City of light and joy!
Where the sea runs to the sea,
Where life's a jest, and love's a toy,
And false, as fair to see.

Days on Germany's strand!
Where Strasburg's mighty fame,
Looks o'er a conquered land
To the hills of fair Lorraine.

The dull Canadian town,
Set in the woodlands gray,
Where life has neither tear nor frown,
Vancourt from day to day.

But still that dark pine glade
On the mountain heights I see—
There was one I met 'neath its murmuring shade,
That was all the world to me.

REGINALD GOUBRAY.

Kate.

For Saturday Night.
As sweet as violets in May,
Smiling, bright as a summer day;
Always laughing, always gay,
Charming Kate.

Eyes that flash like a firefly's light,
Alas for the hapless, luckless wight,
Upon whom falls their glances bright,
Switching Kate.

Lips that seem just made to kiss,
Panting, red, oh! what bliss
It would be to have the right to kiss
Sweet Kate.

But when my love so true I plead,
A merry laugh is her only need;
A tantalizing maid indeed
Is Kate.

Still my love does not grow cold,
And ere long these arms shall hold
Treasure more precious far than gold,
My Kate.

H. C. SCRATON.

In the Years After the Sale.

She sits at her glass with musing heart,
And thinks of the days that were,
Before she sold at the world's great mart
That face so passing fair.

And she wonders what she would give and give,
If out of that glass could rise
A face that lies dead in the years that are fled,
With the hope and the trust in its eyes.

Auburn Herbert in his New Volume.

The Dead Babe.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In agony I knelt and said :
"O God! what have I done,
Or in what wise offended Thee,
That Thou shouldst take away from me
My little son ?"

"Upon the thousand useless lives,
Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,
Thy wrath were better spent!
Why shouldst Thou take my little son ?
This innocent ?"

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
Before mine eyes the vision spread :
"O God! what wise and wretched
Lies in such cruel affliction,
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
Dark red with sin !"

Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there :
A Shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb, my little child,
Of worldly wisdom or deluded,
Lay fast asleep !

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In those two messages I read :
A wisdom manifested ;
And, in whose arms be childhood now,
I am content, to Hail it how,
Who knewest best.

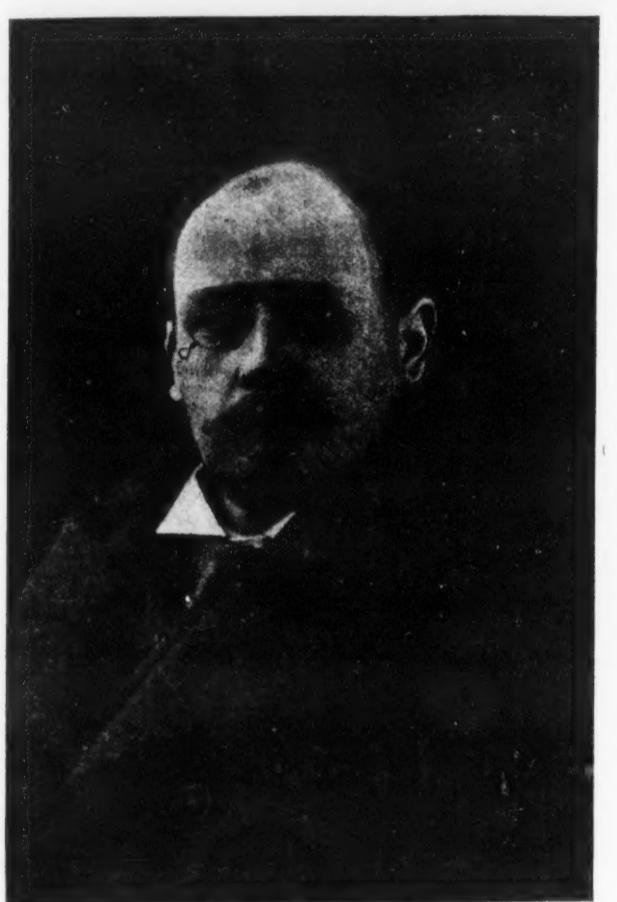
Eugene Field in Chicago Record.



Sherlock Holmes in his Favorite Pose of Reflection.

creator give him a rebuke. Still, it must be owned that Dupin's exploits were inferior to those of Sherlock Holmes, and, when we reflect, did he not bore us with long theorizing and maulderings when we were itching for the secret he alone could tell us—hang Dupin! Holmes wasn't a bit too hard on him. It will always be said, nevertheless, that Dupin set Sherlock Holmes thinking.

Dr. Doyle in one of his books quarrels with Carlyle's definition of genius, "an infinite capacity for hard work." He says this is a very satisfactory definition of what genius is not. I see that in his present story in *The Idler* he has, no doubt unconsciously, scored this point on Carlyle for the second time. The definition does seem most unhappy, yet Dr. Doyle impresses one as the sort of genius Carlyle had in view. He strikes you as a man with an infinite capacity for work. By way of preparation he read one hundred and fifteen volumes treating of the period in which is set his story *The White Company*. It may be that he is right in saying that he is deficient in that observation which he deems essential in a detective, but as a novelist his source of strength seems to be in his patient observation and analytical treatment of facts, events and emotions. Robert Louis Stevenson has confessed that he produces nothing without the severest toil, and thus Carlyle's definition seems to fit these two

Max O'Rell
Lectures at Massey Music Hall Monday Night.

would seem that the newspaper men of Toronto pestered the good-natured novelist without mercy during his stay here. He was the guest of Dr. Latimer Pickering and that gentleman's residence was besieged by reporters desiring to have Dr. Doyle apply the Sherlock Holmes method of deduction to the Westwood case. Newspaper men may be called the appended apprentices of literature, and the glimpse of things which the first degree affords them should enable them to understand that the creation of a Sherlock Holmes does not make Conan Doyle a detective any more than the jungle stories make Rudyard Kipling a rhinoceros or a mugger.

David Christie Murray will probably carry away a very poor opinion of Toronto, and it must be confessed that the city did not do itself credit Tuesday evening. Perhaps six hundred people were scattered throughout Massey Hall to hear the lecture Peace and War. This is a volunteer town. Here the martial spirit is all-embracing. The children drill at school with wooden guns and tin swords, and when boys attain a proper size they jump into the militia as a matter of course. It might have been supposed that Massey Hall would have been crowded when one of the greatest war correspondents of the day lectured there on Peas and War. David Christie Murray is not only a man who demonstrated his energy and courage in various battlefields, but he is one of the best known of novelists, a public speaker of repute, a parliamentary critic with an intimate knowledge of European public men. As a speaker, of course, he excels Dr. Conan Doyle. He is naturally an orator, and through his eventful life, practice has given him command of all the arts of speaking. A few red coats sprinkled his audience, but they were so rare as to simply constitute a reproach to our militia. Mr. Murray spoke for an hour and a half, and the audience would cheerfully have lured him into talking until midnight. His stories of English statesmen were very entertaining, as he is a clever mimic. Disraeli is his favorite mark, and as he told stories of the great Conservative leader and imitated his methods of utterance, we were once again strikingly impressed with the resemblance, both of person and character, between Disraeli and Sir John McDonald. His description of a burning mine and of the rescue of those imprisoned below was one of the finest bits of word-painting conceivable. His description of the horrors witnessed by him in the Russo-Turkish war conveyed the full tragedy of the thing to everyone's consciousness. It was a revolting picture, almost too revolting to reveal to an audience not properly forewarned. It is unusual to hear an elegant, scholarly man express regret at the decadence of the prize ring, but Mr. Murray did so. He was relating an adventure wherein a drunken German had provoked a roomful of Greeks until they attacked him. Four Englishmen, of whom Mr. Murray was one, came to the German's defense. They put back to back and fought the sixty Greek ruffians. "In my youth," said Mr. Murray, "I was a pupil of the Tipton Slasher, and his words of wisdom stood

valed. He is ahead even of Chauncey Depew as a story teller, the fact that he is a professional without railroad and other interests to divert his attention, while Depew is but an amateur, giving him an advantage. French in his instincts, the features of English character stand forth clear to his view as they cannot to a native however observant. His books are mines of humor and anecdote, and John Bull and His Island, English Hypocrites and French Crocodiles, John Bull & Co. (just out), are splendid reading. In the last-named he gives Canada, Australia and the other British Colonies his attention. He can neither write nor speak without telling choice anecdotes. Max O'Rell will lecture on Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen on Monday night and will give us a jolly hour's talk.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan's lecture occurring so late in the week, it is impossible to do more than promise a few comments next week upon what this scholarly Irishman has to say about his country and its politics.

Miacio's City Club at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week is a show that deserves to be discouraged. It is not the style of entertainment that we want to see flourish in this town. As one in sympathy with the drama I consider it most unfortunate that it should be here at a time when the theater is being attacked and means are being sought for hampering the whole future of the business in Toronto. It would not be surprising to find that the City Club with its senseless improprieties of speech and song had turned the uncertain tide against the class of show to which it belongs, and that hereafter posters will not only be inspected, but a public censor appointed to sit in judgment upon every show that comes to town. It would not take many performances like the City Club with its senseless improprieties of speech and song had turned the uncertain tide against the class of show to which it belongs, and that hereafter posters will not only be inspected, but a public censor appointed to sit in judgment upon every show that comes to town. It would not take many performances like the City Club with its senseless improprieties of speech and song had turned the uncertain tide against the class of show to which it belongs, and that hereafter posters will not only be inspected, but a public censor appointed to sit in judgment upon every show that comes to town. It would not take many performances like the City Club with its senseless improprieties of speech and song had turned the uncertain tide against the class of show to which it belongs, and

Between You and Me.

ONE hears smart things in the street cars occasionally when some bright couple bounce in upon the severely silent rows of men and women and continue their conversation until the more observant party notices the rapt attention of the nearer wayfarers, and nods a warning or whispers a "hush" of caution. Yesterday such a pair invaded our solemn company; brimful of life and buoyancy they were, and also of chatter. "Toronto's the greatest place I ever saw for clubs and charities," she said, with emphasis. "Yes," he agreed, "have a good time themselves, and see that other people have a chance, too," which is not, on the whole, a bad character to tack to a city.

"But," said the lady aforesaid, with a shrug of her shoulders, "did you ever see such out-of-date hotels? Style of the year One. Everyone locked in their rooms before half-past ten, no fun for transients, no cards, no music, for all the world as if we were a parcel of commercial men who only needed a corner to sleep." The man laughed and glanced around the car. "Just you wait till Sunday," he said, with a shake of his head; "no cars, no people about down town, unless the volunteers are good enough to go to service somewhere." She signed, "I am going to Hamilton on Saturday," she said quickly. I am sure they both are wondering yet at the grin I and a couple of others displayed.

I don't think we, in our homes up town, realize the grimness which Toronto shows to her Sunday guests. I never thought much about it until chance took me down town on Thanksgiving afternoon, and then the giddy trolley was rushing about, and the motorman was livening the way by a gong dance, so that things were only half as dead as they might have been. But on Sunday, the wide bare streets are still, a few men, fewer girls, loaf or lounge; the hotel guest driven through a wilderness of grim silence, and if I were the hotel guest I think I'd stay in bed all day! I wonder do the angels in the Golden City, atmosphered with light and resonant with harmony, look down and smile at our notion of religion!

By the way, talking of clubs, there is a club which I am praying for and which I hope to see yet filling a cruel gap in our goodness to those who need it. There are, in our streets, scores of growing fellows, the men of the near future, to whom a merry, bright-lighted, well managed club-room would be an untold pleasure. These men of the near future wear ambiguous clothing and indescribable hats; their bodies are neither cared for nor nourished nor clothed as they should be and might be; their visits to the barber are few, and their laundry bill is light, but they are our boys, they will be our men, and I would to God someone with the money and the time could accept my good-will to these fellows and, with these three things, give them what they need—an earnest, wise and hopeful helping hand. The boys of Toronto have always been a burden on my heart. Those uncouth, warm-hearted, dirty-faced boys, in the very grasp of temptation, with untrained force and impulses, so easily turned to good or evil! Few men and women do the boys justice; their cleverness, their endurance, their patience and their goodness to each other are things greatly overlooked. They are bad, as bad as I care to imagine sometimes, but I wouldn't have anything to do with a boy who isn't very bad sometimes. The badness is there, and if it doesn't come out now it will later, and worse. Besides, badness is easier to forgive in the unsettled, immature, ignorant boy than when it takes deliberation and the force of maturity. The trait I adore in these boys of the street is their scorn and derision of gush and cant. Just get a newsboy to describe an interview with some plios and sentimental old lady or some straight-faced, dogmatic, patronizing person, and if you don't laugh, nothing funny is in you! Dear people of Toronto, there are absurd jokes upon the mission bands who send fans to Greenland and red flannel petticoats to Africa. What shall we say of the people who send thousands of dollars to a young men's college in the States, while here there are hundreds of young hearts needing friendship, young souls needing light, young bodies pinched and unclean, and young minds empty of that higher thought which only comes through education and guidance from wiser minds! How preachy I have grown! Well, you may take comfort; this is the only subject on which I am liable to touch the pockets of my readers! But I wish, how much I scarcely can express, for the bright building, the swarm of boys, the fun and the good of a club for the street boys, newsboys, messenger boys, all sorts of boys, some of whom I have discussed the subject with, and who need this thing so badly in Toronto.

The other day in the train I got hold of a most charming and lucid article, which perhaps some of you women who asked me for reading pointers would think over and benefit by. It is in the *New Science Review* and its name drew my attention, Mental Training, a Remedy for Education. It is hopeful and encouraging, and helpful to the very type of writer who asks for recipes to make conversation. It gives one the secret of that delightful creature the happy impromptu speech-maker, of that invaluable being who gets his money's worth out of a picture gallery, a play or a jaunt through foreign parts. Following its plain precepts and smart hints, every one of us can in time attain to each of these envied heights, and I hope those who hunt up and study this article will get as much light and self-knowledge as I did.

LADY GAY.

Maude—What is the trouble between Alice and Kate? Ethel—Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her. Maude—Yes? Ethel—Kate told her.

Marie—Now, Charley, here is a wish-bone which Bridget gave me. Whichever of us gets the longest half will get their wish. (They break the bone and Marie wins.) Marie (tantrishly)—Oh, good! I wished that I would marry an English lord. Charley (dryly)—So do I.

Art Specimens From "Ninety-Five."

The Annual Holiday Souvenir of the Toronto Art Students League.



Varsity Glee Club Concert.

Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes, contralto, who sings at the Varsity Glee Club concert in Massey Hall on Friday evening, December 14, is a Buffalo lady and a decided favorite in Toronto.

is her native place, and at an early age she developed musical qualities, filling an engagement in a church quartette at fourteen years of age. She studied several years in Buffalo, and then went to New York to the best masters, the famous Hungarian, Francis



Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes
Contralto 'Varsity Glee Club Concert.'

Mrs. Holmes is a member of the quartette at Temple B-th Zion, Buffalo, and for several years was solo contralto at Westminster church, New York, afterwards filling a similar but more important position in First church, same city. Mrs. Holmes has achieved the success that a fine voice, charming appearance and delightful singing are sure to bring. Buffalo

Korbay, Herr Reinold Hermann and Mr. William Courtney. Mrs. Holmes will be cordially received here, and as other exceptional talent will share the honors with her, the concert, which is under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, is sure to be a social and musical success.

The Palette Club Exhibition

OME people have missed more than they know, or would care to miss if they did know, in these last two weeks in not going to see the collection of pictures that the Palette Club are exhibiting. Possibly should Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Reid and one or two others offer to give away, in the hope of educating us to a somewhat higher appreciation of art, a small canvas from his own brush to each visitor, there would still be a few who would need to be reminded of the day and hour. The absurdly small fee of ten cents is the charge of admission to this, by far the best exhibition given by the Palette Club, the most advanced art association we have, perhaps. Mr. Wyly Grier's portrait of Mr. Blake naturally draws the attention first as being the largest canvas, and holds it then as being a splendid piece of work in its solid breadth of treatment. Next to this is a canvas by a brother of the above-named artist, Mr. Louis Grier, who has been living in Australia, we believe, but who is now in England. It seems to be taken from some very high point and is a view at Dittisham on the Dart; as far as we can understand, the tide is out, leaving the sand bare in places and the fishermen are laying their nets. It is treated in a free, broad style. Mr. Reid's panel Resting is a delight to the eye in its bright, harmonious color and pleasing composition. There is weariness well expressed in the reclining figure with rake still in hand. More solid and realistic is City and Country; the two little faces in shadow are especially good. Mrs. Reid's largest canvas is also a country scene in which the color is kept in a light key; it is the standing figure of a young girl. Two bright little landscapes and several flower pieces are from the same brush. Mr. Carl Ahrens has been successful in his treatment of the landscape with a flock of turkeys; he generally expresses a great deal of tender feeling in his simple subjects, as for instance in Moonlight on the Marsh, but in Dutch House the values seem to have gone wrong, so that we have neither dark nor daylight. One of Mr. Atkinson's best canvases is his Evening Scene, with the flock of sheep seen by the light of the waning day and rising moon. Possibly objects at such a time would appear more hazy. Mr. Challener has several bright, sunny landscapes. In the Pas-

ing Shower a boy seated at the window watches the heavy clouds; it is more interesting from its good technical qualities, especially in the figure, than from its subject. The Mountain Brook is a charming woodland view with the little stream "keeping sweet time to the air she sings." Mr. Manly shows a number of water-colors and a little autumn sketch that has pleasing color. He is too definite sometimes in his outlines to give good atmospheric effect. Mr. Patterson's portrait of Professor Chapman is highly satisfactory, the posture easy. Miss Ford has some very unrealistic work in The Village; her little landscape is beautiful, but rather spoiled than aided by the figure of the seated child. Mr. Cruickshank's figures are small in his Chicks, too small to show the features, but the watchful attitude of the mother and the half-frightened one of the child are well given. Mr. Bell-Smith's Point Neuf, Paris, seems a variation of what we have seen before, very fine in its hazy effects, as is also the view in the Luxembourg gardens; he has also two small portraits. Mr. O'Brien seems to have forsaken water colors entirely this time, and we cannot regret it, for the effects rendered in his oils are very charming, all coast scenes with one exception. This exception shows some lovely color in the upturned earth and autumn tinted bushes. One marine, of a boat with white sails seen through a mist, is especially fine. Mr. Staples has two sunny scenes, soft and hazy with summer sunshine, and in one the color and effect of the gleaned field with its stacked sheaves is well given. Mr. Jacobi is represented by one of his characteristic canvases. Miss Tully shows a portrait, also a fine color study in scarlet, in The Acolyte, and a fanciful illustration with a good deal of feeling of the words:

"A wind came up out of the sea
And said, 'O, mist, make room for me.'"

The exhibition may be open for a few days in December and anyone who has failed so far to see this very varied collection of fine work should not fail to make use of this Saturday afternoon, or this may be one of the "might have been" they will ever regret.

He—Were you at the football game? She—No. He—Well, the score was 22 to 0. She—And what does that mean? He—None killed and 22 wounded.

"For a funny man, Mr. Wag, you don't say many bright things." "No, Mr. Parker; and I notice that for a dealer in hams you strew singularly few of them around in society."



Short Stories Retold.

To Day tells of a poor woman who was talking to the district visitor about her various ailments, and how the doctor had prescribed for her "sluggish liver." "What beats me," she remarked, "is how them slugs get inside the liver."

Brahms dined one day with one of his fanatic admirers, and the latter, knowing the master's predilection for fine wine, had a bottle of renowned quality brought to the table toward the end of the repast. "This," he exclaimed, "is the Brahms among my wines!" The guest sipped of it, saying: "Excellent, wonderful! Now bring on your Beethoven!"

Dr. Holmes, several years ago, asked a friend, "What is your idea of happiness?" And the prompt answer, "Four feet on the fender," gave him great satisfaction. Some time later, perhaps a year or more, this friend found Dr. Holmes in his study, sitting alone by the fire, looking not very happy. To the visitor's solicitous greeting came the reply, "Only two feet on the fender."

Suzanne Lagier was a good actress, but extremely stout. She was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Taillade, the original Pierre of *The Two Orphans*, and this actor had at one moment to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the "fleshy" heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tip toe in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture one of the deities cried from the gallery, "Take what you can, and come back for the rest."

A Missouri physician received the following letter from a friend who is engaged in the practice of medicines in Arkansas: "Dear Doctor—I have a patient whose physical sins show that the windpipe has ulcerated off and his lung has dropped into his stomach. He is unable to swallow, and I fear his stumick is gone. I have given him everything without effect; his father is wealthy, honorable and influential. He is an active member of the M. E. Church, and God nose I don't want to lose him; What shall I do? Answer by return mail, yours in node."

Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, who died in 1855, was a very simple man with a thorough detestation of all affectation. One day, being in the market square of Richmond, he heard a dupe of a fellow who had just purchased a turkey enquiring for a man to come along and carry it home for him. Marshall volunteered and, in his plain dress not being recognized, was given the turkey. He carried it home and accepted a shilling as recompense. When the victim of the joke found out later that his porter was none other than the celebrated Chief Justice of the United States, his emotions were conflicting.

It was the 21st April, 1821. Dr. I. P. Frank, the eminent governor of the University Hospital, Vienna, lay on his death-bed, and was expected every moment to pass away. Once more the eight leading medical men of the capital gathered around his couch. All at once the patient burst out laughing. "What is it that tickles your fancy?" his friends enquired. "A story has just come into my mind," was the reply. "On the battle-field of Wagram lay a French soldier and counted his wounds. 'Sacrébleu!' he exclaimed, 'it takes eight bullets to kill a French grenadier.' Gentlemen, there are eight of you, too." Thus he spoke, and expired in fit of laughter.

Dr. Dowling of New York was speaking of the incompatibility of a union of Church and State in this country. He said: "Patrick and Biddy had been a long time married, but did not get along well together, for they were almost continually quarreling. It happened, however, that one day when they were sitting together opposite the fire, in came the cat and dog, and lay down between them and the fire, and also opposite each other. Presently Biddy speaks up and says: 'Faith, Patrick, isn't it a shame we should be always quarreling; see the cat and the dog, how peacefully they get along.' 'Och, Biddy, sure and it isn't a fair comparison at all; just tie them together and see how they'll act!'"

When a man tempts fate by reminding a spinster of her condition, his punishment is generally swift and sure. In a county of Ireland, where the Quakers were numerous, the entire body on one occasion gathered together for one of their quarterly meetings. After the exercise of the morning public luncheon was held, at which all the Friends attended. The conversation turned to matrimony. "Bridget," said an unmannerly youthful member of the society, speaking across the crowded table to a prim, elderly maiden lady, "wilt thou tell me why thou hast never married?" "Certainly, friend William," responded the ready Bridget, in a voice audible over the room. "Tis because I am not so aliy pleased as thy wife was."

Max O'Rell in John Bull and His Island tells a host of good stories. *Apropos* of hanging he says that whilst the Shah of Persia was on a visit to England some years ago, he wanted to see how the English executed their criminals. The sight of torture is a favorite entertainment of Eastern monarchs. Accompanied by a numerous suite, he went to Newcastle. Great was his disappointment on hearing that the rope gave instantaneus death. However, he decided upon seeing how the apparatus worked, and desired the governor of the prison to be good enough to execute a criminal on the spot. It was represented to him that there were no prisoners lying under sentence of death just then. He was about to lose his temper, when, recollecting himself, he cried, "That's no objection; I will let you have one of my suite." Doubtless the members of the Shah's suite thought England a fine country to live in.

Pellisson was frightfully ugly. One day as he was walking down the street a beautiful lady took him by the hand and conducted him into a house close by. Dazzled by the lady's charms, and flattery himself that this adventure could not possibly entail any unpleasant consequences, he had not the strength to offer any resistance. His fair captor intro-

duced him to the master of the house, saying: "Line for line, exactly like this," whereupon she took her departure. Pellisson, on recovering from his astonishment, demanded an explanation. The master of the house, after sundry apologies, confessed that he was a painter. "I have undertaken," he added, "to supply the lady with a picture of the 'Temptation in the Wilderness.' We have been debating for a couple of hours as to the mode of representing the Tempter, and she ended by saying that she wished me to take you for a model."

A Careful Little Maid.

The people say in Dimpledell—
Tasy've known her from a baby—
There's not a child behaves as well
As little Prudence Maybe.

When anybody looks at her
She curtsies most precisely;
Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender,
Has brought her up so nicely.

This Dimpledell is Dimpledell,
A village like a toy one.
Its tiled roofs rise 'neath dappled skies,
Whose light showers don't annoy one,
'Tis clean and neat, and green and sweet
The country lanes about it;

And Prudence dwells in Primrose street—
Enquire there if you doubt it.

She is so careful she will say—

Less she should fib, though blithely—

"Ann Lucy's very well to-day,
Perhaps—I thank you kindly!"

"Ann says—I am not certain, a little—
Cream-cheese of Farmer Acres"

"I think the turnip to the right
Will take the baker's."

She takes the tea-cup from the shelf—

"Tis big, best cup, and it is;

And brings the person's tea herself,
And never, never spills it.

The person holds it on his knee
And sips it at his leisure—

"A careful little maid," says he.

Miss Lucy beams with pleasure.

Her slippers ne'er were known to squeak;

Her tiles are crisp and snowy;

Her nut-brown hair is sleek and sleek
In weather wild and blowy.

The other children have the praise—

If cross or careless they be—

Or all the prim and pretty ways

Of little Prudence Maybe.

The girls whose games she does not share
Unkind opinions bandy;

She's made of chiba, some declare;

And some of sugar-candy.

Dear little heart! Should she confess,

She's sometimes rather lonely,

This very pink of perfectness,

Ann Lucy's one-and-only.

—Helen Gray Cone's St. Nicholas.

For Christmas Presents.

F all the tempting and bewildering disp'lays made to coax the dollars from the open purse, none is so successful as that made by a jeweler. And the jeweler of to-day does not affect the tiny shop, with barred windows and very pronounced indisposition to let strangers touch or handle, nor is his stock limited to the gold and silver and precious stones which used to be its all. Let me tell you of some of the beautiful things I saw in a leading shop one day lately, when in answer to my demand for new pretty things to write about, the showcases were opened that I might see and admire without stint. To begin with the biggest things, there were some of the loveliest alligator skin Gladstone bags for ladies, with just a wide oblong space lined with moire for small articles of clothing, and underneath a deep drawer that pulled out from the outside with combs, brushes, whisk, mirror, soap-case and everything a woman's toilet table should have, cunningly stowed away, each under its own strap. And in this lady's Gladstone there was no flask, which would be an omission if the dainty affair were to be one's companion on a rough sea voyage! But, for that matter, the man's bag, in tobacco colored seal, had never a little tidy bottle either, though I discovered a sly pocket, meant, I am told, for stationery, where one of the many chased and elegant silver knobs might be perchance found at a pinch. And for men were beautiful cigarette cases, with additional pockets for stamps and car-tickets; and silver card racks, to hold whilst

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Dec. 1, 1894

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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New Organ From Toronto.

An Epoch in Church Music in the North-West

Some Interesting Particulars of the New Grace Church Instrument—An Organ from the Establishment of R. S. Williams & Son, Toronto, Which is Creating Satisfaction in Winnipeg.

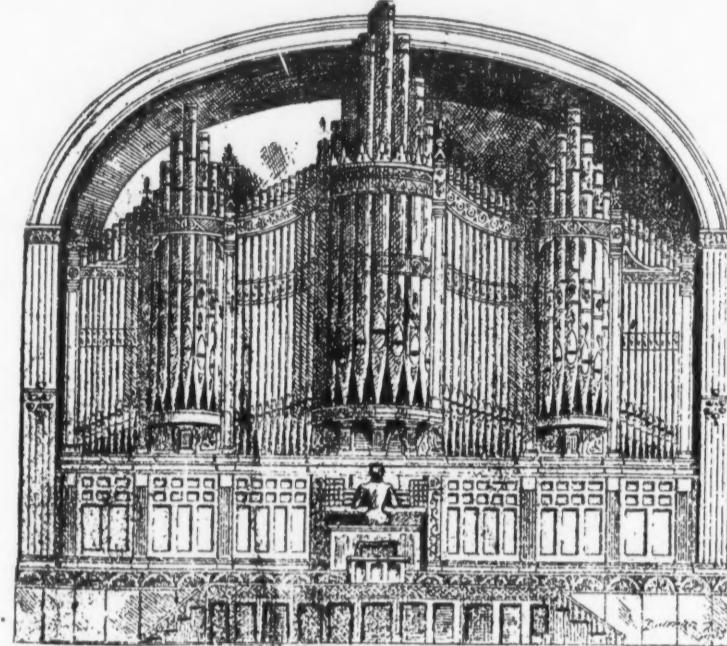
From the *Manitoba Free Press*.

The erection of the large pipe organ in Grace church marks an important epoch in this line of enterprise, inasmuch as it is the first attempt at a system of mechanism (or action, as it is usually called) that is entirely new in the North-West, and, in fact, somewhat uncommon in the older portions of Canada. The action heretofore in use is called the "tracker" action, made almost entirely of wood and subject to many disadvantages, the most serious of which are noisiness, heaviness of touch, especially when coupled up, and liability to damage from sudden changes of temperature, dampness, etc. This last feature is, of

iron rollers, patterned after the French school, and works with perfect ease and freedom from noise.

The combination pedals are so made that the organist may, at option, arrange one or all of them for any set of changes or combinations from one stop to the full power of the organ. The means that are at the disposal of the organist for variety are indeed inexhaustible.

The voicing on which this depends the success of the instrument, is the work of the French artist, Mr. Rheinberg, who is now engaged in the tedious but important work of tuning the pipes. His reputation is such that lovers of music may look for especial beauty of quality in the separate stops and an effective ensemble when the whole organ is being played. It is probable that the opening of the organ will take place early in December, and the church authorities have engaged Mr. Horace W. Reyner, A.R.C.O., organist of the church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, to come to Winnipeg for the occasion. The people of Grace church, and, in fact, the citizens generally, may congratulate themselves upon the possession of an organ



course, a most important one in such a climate as ours. In the new Grace church organ the system used is a combination of pneumatic and tubular actions, each key being connected with its own particular pipe by lead tubes and groove boards, an arrangement that is not in the least affected by climatic changes.

The organ is being constructed by R. S. Williams & Son of Toronto and the designing, "laying out" and building are the work of their skilled artists, who proceed upon the latest methods of the best modern European schools, methods that are for the most part quite new. The accompanying cut gives but a partial idea of the beauty of the case, which is made of antique oak, richly carved and paneled and highly polished, and surmounted by three towers, on which rest the largest front pipes (all speaking). The front is richly decorated in tints that harmonize nicely with the prevailing colors of the interior of the church.

The front of the organ is thirty feet wide, twenty-nine feet high and twenty feet deep, and contains a great organ, swell organ, choir organ and pedal organ.

All the key action is operated by Messrs. Williams and Son's new system, and when all the couplers are on the action responds quickly to the delicate and easy, but firm, touch, which is so delightful to the performer. Notwithstanding the great distance that separates the various portions of the organ, the response obtained from the pipes is instantaneous, a most desirable feature.

The pedal sound board is constructed on an entirely new system, and is so arranged that the larger pipes do not rob the smaller ones of their wind, which usually happens in organs built on the old plan.

The bells, of which there are two, are moved by a rotary movement, and are constructed with inverted ribs, and have regulators, which are accessory reservoirs, placed directly under the wind chests. By this means a constant and ample supply of wind is obtained. The bells for the pedal organ is of a heavy pressure.

The draw-stop action is worked by a system

that is in all particulars "up to date." The specification is as follows:

GREAT ORGAN.
1—Double open diapason 16 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
2—Gamba, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
3—Gamba, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
4—Doppel flute, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
5—Wald flute, 4 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
6—Piontop, 4 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
7—Two/tenth, 2 2/3 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
8—Twin flute, 2 2/3 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
9—Mixture, 3 ranks, metal, 180 pipes.
10—Trumpet, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.

SWELL ORGAN.

11—Burdon treble, 16 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
12—Burdon bass, 16 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
13—Open diapason, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
14—Viol di gambe, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
15—Concert flute, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
16—Flute, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
17—Stop, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
18—Traverse flute, 4 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
19—Violins, 4 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
20—Flauto, 2 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
21—Mixture, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
22—Vox humana, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
23—Oboe, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.

PEDAL ORGAN.

24—Geigen principal, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
25—Dulciana, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
26—Melodia, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
27—Harmonic flute, 4 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
28—Harmonic piccolo, 2 feet, metal, of pipes.
29—Clarinets, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

30—Double open, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.
31—Violin, 8 feet, wood, 30 pipes.
32—Burdon, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.
33—Violoncello, 8 feet, metal, 30 pipes.
34—Trombones, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.

THE COMBINATION PEDALS to great or, as.
Three combination pedals to swell organ.
Tremolo pedal to swell organ.
Pedal great to pedal double acting.

Not All Gain.

Up in one of Michigan's thriving counties lives a man who is about as regardful of a dollar or two as a man can well be and be decent. He is a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and being thrifty, honest, industrious and a bachelor, he was considered quite the catch of the neighborhood, notwithstanding his painful exactness in money matters. He finally married a widow worth in her own right \$10,000, and shortly afterwards a friend met him.

"Allow me," he said, "to congratulate you. That marriage was worth a clean \$10,000 to you."

"No," he replied, "not quite that much."

"Indeed I thought there was every cent of ten thousand in it."

"Oh, no," and he sighed a little; "I had to pay a dollar for the marriage license."—Detroit *Free Press*.

Tipping the Porter.

After Mr. Scadds left the station he experienced a severe shock upon discovering that a packet of bank notes which he was taking to the city was nowhere about his person.

He must have left it in the Pullman car.

"I'll go to the superintendent's office and make my loss known," he thought; and he did.

"I left a package containing \$5,000 in bank notes in a Pullman car not half an hour ago," said Mr. Scadds to the official.

"Which train?"

"The one which arrived at 9:15."

"Have you your Pullman check?"

Fortunately he had, and this enabled the superintendent to send for the conductor.

He soon arrived, for he had not yet finished the report of his trip and was still in the building.

"Conductor," said the superintendent, "did you see anything of a package left in your car?"

"No, sir."

"Porter didn't turn anything over to you?"

"No, sir."

"Bring the porter here."

He was brought.

"Did you see anything of a small packet after the passengers left your car?"

"You haven't turned it in?"

"Why, no, sah. It was a lot of money, sah."

"Precisely. Where is it now?"

"Here, sah."

It was produced from an inside pocket.

Mr. Scadds' eyes brightened when he saw the roll.

"That's it," he exclaimed. He counted the money and it was all there, the entire \$5,000.

"Look here, porter," said the superintendent severely, "I want to know why you did not bring that package to me the moment you got your fingers on it?"

"Why, sah," replied the man, with an injured air, "I s'posed de gemman had left it in a tip, sah. That's why, sah."—*Harpers' Bazaar*.

Notice to Correspondents.

A Correction.—We most willingly make amends for an error in the Sinking correspondence of week before last, where Coon Moore is mentioned as becoming "intoxicated" while digging in a well, and in climbing out fell and hurt himself. Instead it should have read "asphyxiated." We very cheerfully make this correction, as we know Coon is not accustomed

to such language.

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"Did you see anything of a small packet after the passengers left your car?"

"The strong man sobbed. "Though you aspurn me," he faltered, "I am not disheartened. 'Tis darkest just before the dawn." She flung open the shutters and gazed forth. "I believe you're right," she murmured; "I never noticed particularly before." Even then he seemed not to realize that the night had worn on space.

GAS FIXTURES

GET QUOTATIONS
FROM US
BEFORE PURCHASING

FRED ARMSTRONG

277 Queen St. West

to becoming "half seas over." Correspondents, please do not use "big words" unless you understand their meaning.—*Country Exchange*.

Why She Fainted.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether, and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively or how it was."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Granny Gorton's Birthday.

Saturday, January 21st, was a great day in Central Village, in the state of Connecticut, in America. On that day Mrs. Jonathan Gorton was one hundred years old and formally received her friends, who in hundreds were present. She wore her best black silk gown, with a rose in the bodice. The venerable lady was seated in a comfortable arm-chair on a platform in the best room of her house. Then the train of callers filed through, each and all shaking hands with her. "Granny Gorton," as she is called, is a trim little body and very nimble on her feet. This was never anything ailed her, she says and except that her eyesight isn't quite so good as it used to be, she is as active as any woman of 50.

Why has Granny Gorton lived so long? Why is she so active now? She lets out the secret when she says, "There was never anything ailed me." That's it and all of it.

People who live 100 years are not so very rare. The deaths of forty-five such were reported last year in England—twenty-two men and 23 women. Yet, compared to the multitude who die, these are nothing—nothing. Can we not keep things from ailing us, and so live as long as Mrs. Gorton? Yes, if we will take the trouble to do it! Men and women 100 years old, strong, vigorous and clear headed, should be a sight to come, as not to be reared, will be yet in the future. Why not so now?" Ask yourself the question, as the boatmen say down on Deal beach.

Here's how it is: A woman's tale. She says she fell ill when a girl of about 15. She lost her appetite, had pains in the sides and chest, frequent headaches, and was often obliged to lie down on the couch and rest. All this didn't promise long life, did it? No; it was a bad start.

Well, she got worse instead of better. She was often sick, vomited her food, and spitting up a sour fluid. For five years she went on this way. This brings us to October, 1881. She was then in service as parlor-maid at Leamington Hastings, Warwickshire. Here she suffered from constant sickness, retching, and heartburn. The chest pains were so bad as to bend her two double. No position that she could take relieved her. Her stomach was so tender and sore that everything she ate pained and distressed her. For months and months she only took liquid food—milk and beaten eggs, and so on.

She got weaker and weaker every day, so she says. Of course, how else could it be? A doctor at Buxton said she had "ulceration of the chest," which she didn't at all. What is "ulceration of the chest?"

He gave her medicines and advice, but she grew no better on that account. This young lady was now about twenty years old, with a poor outlook for ever being much older. She didn't expect it, nor did her friends. Then another doctor, being consulted, said, "Ulceration of the chest," like his medical

Short Stories Retold.

To-day tells of a poor woman who was talking to the district visitor about her various ailments, and how the doctor had prescribed for her "sluggish liver." "What beats me," she remarked, "is how them slugs get inside the liver."

Brahms dined one day with one of his fanatic admirers, and the latter, knowing the master's predilection for fine wine, had a bottle of renowned quality brought to the table toward the end of the repast. "This," he exclaimed, "is the Brahms among my wines!" The guest sipped of it, saying: "Excellent, wonderful! Now bring on your Beethoven!"

Dr. Holmes, several years ago, asked a friend, "What is your idea of happiness?" And the prompt answer, "Four feet on the fender," gave him great satisfaction. Some time later, perhaps a year or more, this friend found Dr. Holmes in his study, sitting alone by the fire, looking not very happy. To the visitor's solicitous greeting came the reply, "Only two feet on the fender."

Suzanne Lagier was a good actress, but extremely stout. She was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Taillade, the original Pierre of *The Two Orphans*, and this actor had at one moment to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the "fleshy" heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tip toe in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture one of the deities cried from the gallery, "Take what you can, and come back for the rest."

A Missouri physician received the following letter from a friend who is engaged in the practice of medicine in Arkansas: "Dear Doctor—I have a patient whose physical sins shone that the windpipe has ulcerated off and his lung has dropped into his stomach. He is unable to swallow, and I fear his stumick is gone. I have given him everything without effect; his father is wealthy, honorable and influential. He is an active member of the M. E. Church, and God nose I don't want to lose him; what shall I do? Answer by return mail, yours in node."

Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, who died in 1835, was a very simple man with a thorough detestation of all affectation. One day, being in the market square of Richmond, he heard a dupe of a fellow who had just purchased a turkey enquiring for a man to come along and carry it home for him. Marshall volunteered and, in his plain dress not being recognized, was given the turkey. He carried it home and accepted a shilling as recompense. When the victim of the joke found out later that his porter was none other than the celebrated Chief Justice of the United States, his emotions were conflicting.

It was the 21st April, 1821. Dr. I. P. Frank, the eminent governor of the University Hospital, Vienna, lay on his death-bed, and was expected every moment to pass away. Once more the eight leading medical men of the capital gathered around his couch. All at once the patient burst out laughing. "What is it that tickles your fancy?" his friends enquired. "A story has just come into my mind," was the reply. "On the battle-field of Wagram lay a French soldier and counted his wounds. 'Sacrébleu!' he exclaimed, 'it takes eight bullets to kill a French grenadier. Gentlemen, there are eight of you, too.' Thus he spoke, and expired in a fit of laughter.

Dr. Dowling of New York was speaking of the incompatibility of a union of Church and State in this country. He said: "Patrick and Biddy had been a long time married, but did not get along well together, for they were almost continually quarreling. It happened, however, that one day when they were sitting together opposite the fire, in came the cat and dog, and lay down between them and the fire, and also opposite each other. Presently Biddy speaks up and says: 'Faith, Patrick, isn't it a shame we should be always quarreling; see the cat and the dog, how peacefully they get along.' 'Och, Biddy, sure and it isn't a fair comparison at all; just tie them together and see how they'll act.'"

When a man tempts fate by reminding a spinster of her condition, his punishment is generally swift and sure. In a county of Ireland, where the Quakers were numerous, the entire body on one occasion gathered together for one of their quarterly meetings. After the exercises of the morning a public luncheon was held, at which all the Friends attended. The conversation turned to matrimony. "Bridget," said an unmannerly youthful member of the society, speaking across the crowded table to a prim, elderly maiden lady, "will thou tell me why thou hast never married?" "Certainly, friend William," responded the ready Bridget, in a voice audible over the room. "Tis because I am not so at all pleased as thy wife was."

Max O'Rell in John Bull and His Island tells a host of good stories. *Apropos* of hanging he says that whilst the Shah of Persia was on a visit to England some years ago, he wanted to see how the English executed their criminals. The sight of torture is a favorite entertainment of Eastern monarchs. Accompanied by a numerous suite, he went to Newgate. Great was his disappointment on hearing that the rope gave instantaneous death. However, he decided upon seeing how the apparatus worked, and desired the governor of the prison to be good enough to execute a criminal on the spot. It was represented to him that there were no prisoners lying under sentence of death just then. He was about to lose his temper, when, recollecting himself, he cried, "That's no objection; I will let you have one of my suite." Doubtless the members of the Shah's suite thought England a fine country to live in.

Pellissson was frightfully ugly. One day as he was walking down the street a beautiful lady took him by the hand and conducted him into a house close by. Dazzled by the lady's charms, and flattered himself that this adventure could not possibly entail any unpleasant consequences, he had not the strength to offer any resistance. His fair captor intro-

duced him to the master of the house, saying: "Line for line, exactly like this," whereupon she took her departure. Pellissson, on recovering from his astonishment, demanded an explanation. The master of the house, after sundry apologies, confessed that he was a painter. "I have undertaken," he added, "to supply the lady with a picture of the 'Temptation in the Wilderness.' We have been debating for a couple of hours as to the mode of representing the Tempter, and she ended by saying that she wished me to take you for a model."

A Careful Little Maid.

The people say in Dimpledell—
Tae's known her from a baby—
There's not a child behaves as well—
As little Prudence Maybe.

When anybody looks at her—
She curtsies most precisely;

Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender,
Has brought her up so nicely.

This Dimpledell in Dimpledell,
A village like a toy one.
Its tiled roofs rise 'neath dappled skies,
Whose light showers don't annoy one.

The country lanes about it;
And Prudence dwells in Primrose street—
Enquire there if you doubt it.

She is so careful she will say—
Less she should fit, though blindly—
"Ann Lucy's very well to-day,
Perhaps—I thank you kindly!"

"Ann buys—I am not certain, quite—
Cream-cheese of Farmer Acre."

"I think the turning to the right
Will bring you to the baker's."

She takes the tea-cup from the shelf—
The big, best cup—and fits it;
And brings the person's tea to herself,
And never, never spills it.

The person holds it on his knee—
And sips it as his leisure—

"A careful little maid," says he.
Miss Lucy beams with pleasure.

Her slippers ne'er were known to squeak;
Her tiffs are crisp and snowy;

Her nut-brown hair is sleek and sleek
In weather wild and snowy.

The other children hear the praises—
If cross or careless they be—

Or all the prim and pretty ways
Of little Prudence Maybe.

The girls whose games she does not share
Unkind opinions bandy;

She's made of china, some declare;

And some of sugar-candy.

Dear little heart! Should she confess,

She's sometimes rather lonely,

This very pink of prettiness,

Aunt Lucy's one-and-only.

—Helen Gray Cone is St. Nicholas.

For Christmas Presents.

F all the tempting and bewildering disp'lays made to coax the dollars from the open purse, none is so successful as that made by a jeweler. And the jeweler of to-day does not affect the tiny shop with barred windows and very pronounced indisposition to let strangers touch or handle, nor is his stock limited to the gold and silver and precious stones which used to be its all. Let me tell you of some of the beautiful things I saw in a leading



shop one day lately, when in answer to my demand for new pretty things to write about, its showcases were opened that I might see and admire without stint. To begin with the biggest things, there were some of the loveliest alligator skin Gladstone bags for ladies, with just a wide oblong space lined with moire for small articles of clothing, and underneath a deep drawer that pulled out from the outside with combs, brushes, whisk, mirror, soap-case and everything a woman's toilet table should have, cunningly stowed away, each under its own strap. And in this lady's Gladstone there was no flask, which would be an omission if the dainty affair were to be one's companion on a rough sea voyage! But, for that matter, the man's bag, in tobacco colored seal, had never a little tidy bottle either, though I discovered a sly pocket, meant, I am told, for stationery, where one of the many chased and elegant silver growers might be perchance found at a pinch. And for men were beautiful cigarette cases, with additional pockets for stamps and car-tickets; and silver card racks, to hold whist

packs, with ivory counters, and a cheque cutter in ivory and silver, surely not to be used on any cheque under two figures, so elegant and dainty it is, with its little inch measure and tiny figures. Another fancy for a man's Christmas box is a double-edged dagger in an alligator sheath, and cigar cases in snake skin, and blotters with leather covers and pretty silver corners.

My lady who loves her housekeeping might have a chafing-dish for after-dinner souper, or a beautiful pair of bronze candlesticks, with small bronze-framed plate glass mirrors mounted as reflectors, the candlestick being a pair of graceful figures, and a match tray being part of the affair. Another pretty household novelty was a case of individual cut-glass butter plates and spreader. There are boxes of spoons in the two new designs, the Imperial chrysanthemum and the Luxembourg enamel, in which latter design come complete sets of beautifully tinted spoons, ladies, sugar-tongs and sifters, cream ladles and everything needed for the tea and supper service, all in the new colors of the Luxembourg enamel.

And for her personal adornment, my lady has a combination tiara in diamonds, which can be unfastened and turned into bracelet, brooch and earrings, with aigrettes of twinkling diamond lilies. Some very exquisite watches attracted my notice; one as large as a ten cent piece, one with a true-lovers' knot of lavender enamel and brilliants, yet another with a painted medallion set in pearls, and a fourth with a four-leaved shamrock, and dew-drops of diamonds. There was one lovely little affair with a double heart on its back of rubies and diamonds; surely such a device would hold back the busy hands, and such a watch would never point to midnight with a time-to-go-home expression on its face. I saw a Frenchy looking little set of collarette and pocket for holding a dance programme made in black and silver. The collarette was of black velvet drawn through a buckle that half-encircled the neck, and the dainty pocket was made of rings buttonholed in black twist, corner-mounted in silver, and slung by a pair of velvet bands from a bow at the belt.

Manicure sets, in silver, in soft chamois-covered cases, with scissors and implements many and mysterious, pocket-books and card-cases without number, made of the new and modish *cerase* morocco, or Java or Brazilian lizard, or even snakes or alligator skin, in green bronze mottled or tan, as the fancy or the skin demands. A purse in crocodile, olive tinted, another in green, a third in golden, tanned to a lovely tint, and a very dream of daintiness in fawn colored antelope with corners in silver, frosted, or as it is called by the trade, satin finish, and a pale delicate fawn silk lining, all pockets and funny little hide aways for car tickets, cheques, bills, and even the more homely and evasive quarters and dimes. This last purse is a Christmas-box for her whose gloves are of white or pearl and whose pocket is lined with pure and unsmeared silk. Scent and salt bottles in cut-glass with lace work of silver overlaying them; silver library sets for my lady's davenport; silk and silver maff-holders; in fact, silver things without number, and all for practical use, in this matter a blessed contrast to many of the Christmas offerings with which one's well intentioned friends break one's heart.

LA MODE
Thanks for courtesy and information are given to The J. E. Ellis Co., Limited.

He Didn't Know About Oranges.

Magistrate—What is the charge against you this time, my man?

Boggs—They caught me a-stealing oranges, yer worship.

Magistrate—Didn't I tell you when you were here before not to steal anything more?

Boggs—No, yer worship; you said not to steal any more lemons, but you didn't say a word about oranges.

Wait Another Month.

Miss Dusky—Am dem de black stockin's you tolle 'bout buyin'?

Miss Saffron—Yes, dem is de ones, Cicely, an' dey only cos' seventy-fif' cents.

Miss Dusky—Am dey silk?

Miss Saffron—Not 'exactly, but dey're jus' as good.

Miss Dusky—An' will dey wash?

Miss Saffron—Dat I don't know; I've only had 'em for weeks!—The Epoch.

An Enthusiast.

At a local football match the home team were playing in their very best form, to the great delight of their supporters. Their forwards, by a good piece of combination, made a brilliant run right up the center of the field, which ended in a magnificent goal. The spectators went wild with delight. One more enthusiastic than the rest was waving a large stick, with which he hit one of those standing near, knocking a tooth out. The injured one exclaimed:

"Hou'd on, oud mon, does ta know tha's

knocked me a tooth a'?

The other replied:

"Get away wi' thi, tha soft headed, what's a tooth to a goal like that? Hurrah!"—*Tit-Bits*.

A Ruse.

Observant Citizen—That seems to be a very thoughtful man in the fourth seat front. Judge!

Conductor—No, Capitalist.

I should have taken him for a judge or deep student by his straightforward, impressive look."

"Oh, he's only playing make believe that he's paid his fare, but I'll get him."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Injured Innocence.

First little bootblack—Please, sir, gimme the job. I've got a sick little brother who is a cripple and is blind.

Second little bootblack—Let me shine 'em up. I'm that sick little brother he is talking about who is blind. I don't want to be under obligation to such a liar as he is, and I can see better than he can, and he ain't got no other brother in the fust place.—*Sunday Mercury*.

Hotel Clerk—We can give you all the home comforts here. Uncle Abner (from Squeash)—Mister, I want more'n that, when I come to a city hotel, I kin git home comforts to him.

"What is the first money you ever earned, Hicks?" "Money I didn't get," said Hicks; "my mother cut off my curly hair when I was a small boy and wore 'em herself. I must have saved her thirty or forty dollars."

"No, George," she said, "I can never be yours." "Then I am rejected!" he moaned. "No, dearest, not that; but I am a woman's suffragist and cannot be any man's. You, however, may be mine if you will."

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?"

"Make a living! Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."

Terrier-hearted damozel—I think fishing is cruel. The idea of putting a worm to the torture of having a hook run through him is awful to me.

Witherby—It doesn't hurt the worm.

Tender-hearted damozel—How do you know?

Witherby—How? Why, I've put worms on hooks dozens of times and never heard a murmur from 'em.

Nourishment.

This Word Embaces More than Ordinary Specifics.

Nourishment is the corner-stone of Health—
What Food is Intended to Do—Avoid Secret Mixtures When Trying to Get Well.

The ordinary specific or secret nostrum affords only temporary relief. For instance, you may buy some ordinary specific to cure a cold and find temporary relief in the stimulant or tonic contained in the mixture, but the remedy does nothing to cure the weakness that allowed you to take cold. Consequently when you are subject to another attack you will succumb in the same way with more serious results.

This is what leads to consumption.

The same illustration applies to hundreds of other complaints. If you are poorly nourished, you will lose flesh, take cold easily, and gradually grow weaker until your health is seriously impaired.

Nourishment means everything to health. Food is designed to nourish the body, overcome wasting and give to every part of the wonderful human machinery the right substance to keep it in working order. But we all know that the digestive system is all out of order. There may be some increased demand upon nourishment made by some unnatural condition. The most learned physician is frequently puzzled to know the cause of a decline in health, but one of the first things he thinks of is to prescribe a nourishment that will counteract the wasting or other unnatural condition.

In all cases of wasting Scott's Emulsion is the most effective cure. It has many uses because it is both a concentrated food and medicine, but the word "wasting" signifies much that Scott's Emulsion is especially designed to overcome.

All of the stages of decline of health even to the early stages of consumption, are cured by Scott's Emulsion. Loss of flesh and strength are speedily overcome and as a cure for all afflictions of throat and lungs, like Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs and Bronchitis, Scott's Emulsion has no equal.

Babies and children find in Scott's Emulsion the vital elements of food that make sound bones and healthy flesh. Rickets, marasmus, and all wasting tendencies in children are cured also. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret mixture. All of its elements can be traced by the chemist. It contains no worthless or harmful drugs. It has been prescribed by physicians for twenty years and has a clean record back of it.

For sale by all druggists, 50 cents and \$1.

She Told Him.

Tom—Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her age?

Jack—Yes.

Tom—What did she say?

Music.

AT HIS meeting on Friday evening of last week, Mr. Moody tendered a rather involved explanation of his meaning when he stumbled into the unfortunate error of denouncing classical music as "stuff," etc. As reported in the daily papers, his apology, explanation, or whatever it might be termed, ran after this fashion: "In thanking the choir for their services, Mr. Moody explained that when he used the word 'artistic' music he merely meant the setting of old words to new tunes, which tunes smothered the words and spoiled the hymns. This the musicians termed artistic music, but he thought it nothing but an abomination!" It would appear from this astounding and somewhat amusing declaration that Mr. Moody, unlike Luther and the Wesley family, has sadly neglected his musical education. The assertion that musicians deem the smothering of words an artistic feat should be accepted with some reserve. The great evangelist evidently has a vague idea what he would desire to say on this subject, but as yet his efforts in this direction have not been crowned with any marked success. A further explanation of his explanation might perhaps make his meaning clearer. There is an old German proverb, "Schuster bleib bei Deinem Leisten," which translated reads, "Cobbler, stick to your last." The force of the good advice contained in this homely adage had a peculiar application in this case, for it seems that Mr. Moody's opinion of what a musician deems artistic in his art is as wide of the mark as his original denunciation of the best and purest in music as "stuff." Luther, the great reformer, held that church music should be utilized as a part of worship to Almighty God and that, as in architecture or anything else, it should prove the very best and noblest obtainable. Luther's conception of church music is, I take it, the average musician's ideal of the artistic in the art divine. The peculiar brand of musicians who aim at the artistic through the "smothering of words" are fortunately not a predominating factor in the ranks of the profession on this side of the boundary-line.

J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bac., Oxon., F. R. C. O., teacher of theory at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has been appointed examiner at Trinity University with Dr. Kara of England.

Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. have published a charming arrangement by J. Humphrey Anger, of a traditional Christmas Carol for soprano solo and chorus. This clever contribution to the music of the approaching festival season will prove a most effective addition to the repertoire of church choirs taking it up. The soprano obligato is accompanied by a humming chorus, an arrangement which is specially adapted to the quiet and restful character of the words, the title of the carol being Peaceful Night, an adaptation, if I mistake not, from the old carol Stille Nacht Heilige Nacht, which one hears in every German home, whether in this country or in the Fatherland.

The Ancient Order of Foresters' Concert on Thanksgiving night in Massey Hall attracted a very large and appreciative audience. The following artists participated: Agnes Knox, elocutionist; Miss Lilli Kleiser, soprano; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor; Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone; Mr. James Fax, humorist; Mr. Morrison, cornetist, and Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist and solo organist. The programme, which was of a popular character, was admirably carried out. A considerable sum must have been netted for the Hospital fund, in aid of which the concert was given.

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, the well known vocal teacher, formerly of Toronto, has been appointed to take charge of the oratorio department at the National Conservatory of Music of America at New York, of which Dr. Anton Dvorak is director. A class is also to be formed of all the pupils studying solo singing at the Conservatory for the study and public performance of unaccompanied choral music. A pupil of Mr. Haslam, Miss Augusta Marshall, contralto, made a successful *debut* at Chickering Hall recently and has been engaged to sing at the important concerts of the Academy of Music, New York.

One of the most successful and enjoyable of the many Thanksgiving evening concerts was that held in the Central Methodist church. The church was crowded to the doors by an audience numbering probably fifteen hundred people. Miss Jessie Alexander and Mr. Harold Jarvis assisted the choir in a programme, the general excellence of which was most creditable to the energetic and capable organist and choirmaster of the church, Mr. Jeffers. The work of the assisting artists has been so frequently commented upon in this column that it is simply necessary to state that they repeated their successes of former years. A special word of praise is due to the choir of the church for their admirable work on this occasion. There was at all times evident the most careful and faithful regard for points of expression and a promptness in attack, which indicated the thorough character of the training received by the chorus. The quality of tone and intonation as well might have served as an object lesson to many of our local choirmasters. This was especially noticeable in Leslie's charming sacred part-song, *The Pilgrims*, which was excellently rendered.

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer, under the direction of Mr. Walter Robinson, rendered a special programme of Thanksgiving music on Wednesday evening of last week, when Dr. Garrett's Harvest Thanksgiving cantata was presented in a most impressive manner. Mr. Robinson can be congratulated on the progressive development of the choir under his charge, which can honestly claim to be among the best in the city at the present time. The cantata was preceded by Royle's anthem *Praise the Lord*, in which the solo was taken by Miss Jessie Mann of Hamilton. The tenor solo in the cantata was sung by Mr. Adam Dockery, who sang with excellent effect throughout. Orchard's Evening Service was

also rendered during the earlier part of the evening.

The London *Musical News* in a recent number speaks of the "glorious musical traditions" of Leipzig and declares that these "traditions extend in unbroken brilliancy from the time of Bach to our own day." This honest confession in a journal which seems to be the mouthpiece of an amusing *coterie* of anti-Wagners and Germanophobists in London and elsewhere, will not be relished by those of its Toronto readers who have from time to time contended that since Mendelssohn's death no good has come out of the old Saxon town on the Pleisse.

Miss Eva N. Roblin, soprano soloist, has recently visited many points in Ontario, as well as Buffalo and Fort Erie, in combination with Miss Lillian Burns, elocutionist, and Master La Rue, cornetist, and has given very satisfactory entertainments and been greeted by large audiences. The press speaks very highly of Miss Roblin's work.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight, who have been so successfully identified with the music of Elm street Methodist church for some years past, have resigned their positions and will, in all probability, sever their connection with the choir of the church within a month or two. The position of choir-director and organist have been held respectively by Mr. and Mrs. Blight for eight and thirteen years. Their resignations have not yet been accepted by the church, but I understand the decision of Mr. and Mrs. Blight is final.

The annual concert of Varsity Glee Club, Mr. Walter H. Robinson conductor, will be held on December 14 in Massey Hall. The club will have the assistance of the Ladies' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Norma Reynolds, and also Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes, contralto, of Buffalo, and Miss Evelyn de Lestre Street, violiniste, of Toronto. The numbers to be rendered by the Glee Club, which are entirely new, will include compositions by Pinetti, Dudley Buck, Henry Leslie and Haydn. Further assistance will be rendered by the Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club, under Mr. George Smedley's direction. The boys are sparing no effort to make their concert for this season a record-breaker.

The first of a series of Faculty Invitation Concerts in connection with the Metropolitan College of Music, Queen street west, will be held on Monday evening next at the College recital hall. Among those taking part are: The director, Mr. Lewis Browne, Herr and Madame Klingenberg, J. Churchill Arlidge, Miss R. A. Welch, Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, Miss Laurette Bowes, Miss Katharine Birnie, Mrs. A. B. Jury, Miss Minnie Topping, Mr. H. W. Webster, Mr. Paul Hahn and Miss Henriette Shipe.

The third organ recital of Mr. W. E. Fairclough's third series will be given this afternoon at four o'clock at All Saints' church. Mr. Fairclough's programme has been chosen with admirable taste and includes compositions by Bach, Tours, Guilmant, (sonata op. 42) Lemmens, (Storm Fantasia, by request) and D'ashayes' Grand Choeur in D. Besides these numbers Mrs. Adamson, violiniste, will assist in Rheinberger's overture for violin and organ, op. 150, and will also play as a solo number Svensen's Romance for violin, op. 26. This programme should prove one of the most attractive yet presented at these sterling recitals.

I have received a prospectus of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra for 1894-95 containing a list of works it is proposed to present during the season. The orchestra will consist of over forty members and the programmes, while of high order, will be carefully selected to suit the popular taste. Some thirty-two composers will be represented by their works in the programmes of ten or more fortnightly concerts it is proposed to give. Nearly all the most prominent writers from Bach to Wagner are included in the prospectus, a noticeable feature of which is the evidence it contains of a commendable catholicity of taste on the part of the compilers.

Mr. Wm. Reed of Montreal, one of the foremost of Canadian organists and composers, resumes his annual series of recitals this afternoon at the American Presbyterian church, Montreal. These excellent recitals have become one of the recognized institutions of our Eastern rival for musical supremacy in Canada.

A fair-sized audience attended at Mr. Frank Deane's piano recital in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening last. Mr. Deane's programme contained several classical selections and three of his own compositions. These were interpreted with considerable expression and no small technical skill. Assistance was rendered by Mr. P. R. Wallace, whose contributions were highly appreciated, several encores being accorded him. Mr. Wallace was particularly successful in several of Chevalier's coster songs.

A very successful concert was given at the West End Y. M. C. A. on Friday evening of last week under the direction of Mr. H. M. Fletcher. The programme was furnished by the Cecilian Male Quartette, assisted by Miss Lennie James, soprano, Miss Grace Street, soprano, and Miss May Holden, elocutionist. All the participants were enthusiastically received, and the concert was pronounced one of the most excellent ever given in the hall of the West End branch.

I have received from Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. a copy of Mr. J. Lewis Browne's Eleven Sketches for Piano, Op. 12. This work does the composer and publishers alike great credit. The Sketches, which are varied in form and modern in treatment, indicate the broad character of Mr. Browne's musical sympathies and the influences exerted through a liberal study of all classes and schools of musical expression. The different selections are musical in a high degree, and thoroughly *Klaviermeister* throughout. As an example of music engraving this work is undoubtedly the finest and most artistic production ever published in Canada. The engraving would do no discredit to any of the well known German houses, and the general set-up of the publication is a triumph for the house from which it is issued. MODERATO

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

Social and Personal.

A quiet but very pretty wedding graced the home of Mr. O. Clark, 143 Robert street, on Thanksgiving Day, when his second daughter, Minnie M., was united in marriage to Mr. Charles S. McClelland of Peterboro'. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Griffin, while the bridesmaid and groomsmen were Miss Winifred Clark and Mr. Will McClelland. The bride looked charming in her going-away gown of brown and fawn tweed, with brown velvet trimmings and velvet bodice, and carried a loosely arranged bouquet of white roses. The house was artistically decorated with chrysanthemums and smilax, which presented a very pleasing appearance. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, the gift of the groom being an exquisite pendant of gold in star design set in pearls and turquoises. Mr. and Mrs. McClelland left amid hearty congratulations for Buffalo and points east, and will reside in Peterboro', where both are well and favorably known.

It is proposed to assemble as large a number as possible of old boys of Upper Canada College at a banquet to be held in Toronto on December 20. All old boys of the college are urgently called upon to rally round her and by their presence at the banquet to assist in showing the strength and influence of the old institution. Let them bring their friends also. It is desirable that the secretary should learn as early as possible about the number likely to be present at the banquet; it is therefore suggested that in each locality outside of Toronto two local committees be formed to ensure the success of the occasion, and to communicate with the secretary at Toronto on the subject.

Miss Nicol, one of our pretty Northern girls, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alfred Wright, 68 Lake View avenue.

The rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir last Monday evening was enlivened by a visit from the patron of the choir, his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, accompanied by Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Captain Kirkpatrick, together with the president, Major Cosby, and Mrs. Cosby. Speeches from his Honor and Major Cosby were in order, and Mr. Vogt, the conductor, was highly gratulated upon the excellent work of the choir. The concert is fixed for January 15, when the choir will be assisted by Lillian Blauvelt, the popular soprano, and the Beethoven Trio, Messrs. Field, Klingenberg and Ruth.

A charming Chrysanthemum party was given on Friday of last week by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Corton at their residence, 124 Mutual street, in honor of their nieces, the Misses Weaver, and their guest, Miss Celia Spence, who is leaving for her home in Parry Sound. The pretty rooms were beautifully decorated with the Queen of Autumn, and the evening was pleasantly spent in progressive euchre and dancing. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. F. Diver, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. George Aldred, Mrs. Charles Gray, Mrs. M. B. Clemens, Miss Phillips of London, England, Miss Dow of Stratford, Misses Kerr, Palmer, Langley, Young, Horwell and Weaver, and Messrs. Stanley Phillips of London, England, Langley, Smith, Payne, Horwell, Kerr, Clemens, Watkins and E. W. Oliver.

Mr. J. W. Armstrong and Miss Laura Ethel Victoria, youngest daughter of Mr. G. W. Berry of Lucknow, were very prettily wedded at the residence of the bride's parents in that town on November 21. Chrysanthemums were the vogue and charmingly ornamented the residence, while the bride carried white and her maid's yellow specimens of this gorgeous flower. The bride was dressed in ivory white faille bengaline, with veil, and wore a diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were: Miss Lella Berry, sister of the bride, dressed in yellow silk bengaline, trimmed with lace and moire ribbon; and Miss Adda Armstrong of Flesherton, sister of the groom, gowned in yellow moire silk trimmed with lace and velvet. The bridesmaids' ornaments were silver turquoise hair pins, the gift of the bride, and pearl corsage pins, the gift of the groom. The many gifts presented to the young couple showed the esteem in which they are held, but notable among the presents was a Steinway piano from the bride's father. A brilliant assemblage of the relatives and friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, many being present from Toronto, Flesherton, Ingersoll and other towns, and I regret that stress of social matter prevents me giving a fuller account of this, one of the most charming out-of-town weddings of the month. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong will, on returning from their trip, reside in Lucknow.

The annual At Home held by Court Queen City, I. O. F., in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Friday night of last week was most successful in every way and the committee deserve credit for their praiseworthy efforts in making it the success that it was. During the early part of the evening a programme was rendered by several well known ladies and gentlemen, with speeches from Dr. Oronhyatekha, S. C. R., Dr. G. S. Ryerson, M. P. P., and others. Among those present were: Dr. Oronhyatekha, S. C. R., Hon. D. D. Alken, S. V. C. R., of Michigan; Mr. J. A. McGillivray, supreme secretary, Dr. Wilman, supreme physician, Mr. H. A. Collins, H. C. R., Mr. J. B. Halkin, honorary secretary, of Ottawa; Mr. Atwell Fleming, honorary treasurer, of London; Mr. A. H. Backus, H. C., of Aylmer; Mr. W. H. Wardrobs of Hamilton; Dr. Fotheringham, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. G. W. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Colton, Mrs. Goddard, Miss M. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. McAllister, Mr. Irving Smith, Mr. E. K. M. Wedd, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rose, Mr. and Mrs. E. Apted, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Child, Miss Suddard, Mr. H. Bennett, Mrs. Bastedo, Miss H. Whale, Miss Open, Miss Rosser, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rose, Miss Massey, Mr. C. E. Marsh and Miss Chatterton. The musical programme was furnished by the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. J. A. McGillivray, Miss Magson, Miss Swansey, Miss Bertha Adams, Mr. Walker Anderson, Mr. Alf. E. Currie, Mr. Turton, Mr. W. L. Mills, Mr. W. H. Law, and Messrs. Charles Lowden,

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Social and Personal.

A very charming and pretty scene was the dance given by Mrs. (Dr.) Mackinnon in the City Hall, Guelph, on Thanksgiving night, when her only daughter, Winnie, made her *debut* in society. It was also an event that will not occur often, as nine other fair *debutantes* were ushered in at the same time, making as lovely a group as one could desire with their new gowns and bright faces. Mrs. Mackinnon's ability as a popular hostess was evidenced by the great number of guests present, who found that everything had been done that could possibly increase their pleasure. The hall was very tastefully decorated, while the supper-room added to its beauty with quantities of roses, chrysanthemums and palms, and the menu was the most complete that has been served in the city. An orchestra played a splendid programme of twenty-four dances, and not for a moment during the evening could anyone refrain from dancing, the last one on the list finishing with a deep sigh of regret from all present that the most delightful private ball ever given was over, the charming *debutantes*, Miss Mackinnon, Miss Lily Nelles, and Misses Adams, Mills, Parker, Reynolds, Marcon, Walker, Thomas and Jones, especially regretting that they could not go over it once more. It would be a difficult task, with so many sweet faces and gowns, to pick out any particular one who would possibly outshine the others, but I might mention particularly a few of the fair ones who looked wonderfully well. They were: Miss Oxhead, who wore a lovely dress of salmon pink surah with silver fringe and lace trimmings; Mrs. E. Harvey, in a rich golden brown brocade with yellow puffed *moire* sleeves; Miss Crawford had on a very pretty white silk with old gold epaulettes heavily corded; Miss Bond's gown of lovely yellow brocaded satin was very much admired; Miss Pipe, gowned in a charming old rose china silk with sleeves of green and old rose brocade, looked exceedingly well; Miss F. Hall wore a silver gray costume with shaded green trimmings; Miss Scarff, pink silk with brocaded gauze drapings; Miss Patterson's entire dress was of pretty pink satin; Miss Marcon in a lovely polka dotted white silk with lace; Miss Lace looked pretty in a white silk with white lace trimmings; Mrs. Mackinnon's costume of heavy corded silk of a blue green shade was very becoming; Miss Mackinnon wore white silk trimmed with silver cord; Miss Lily Nelles looked charming in her *debutante* dress of white silk and white ribbons; Miss A. Mills, white silk relieved by pink rose buds; Miss Chisholm, gowned in black silk with white scarf, was very fascinating.

About fifty of an jolly boys as could well be gotten together assembled at Harry Webb's on Tuesday evening, November 20, the occasion being the third annual dinner of the W. A. Murray & Co. Cricket Club. Major Murray occupied the chair and made an ideal chairman. After the menu had been carefully gone through, toast, song and story occupied the time until close to the midnight hour. A very pleasant event in the evening's entertainment was the presentation of cricket bats to Mr. W. F. Lancaster and Mr. J. E. Featherstonhaugh, for best batting average for the season, which were offered for competition by the

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first and second vice-presidents of the club, Mr. G. W. Kennedy and Mr. J. W. Drynan, who always take a deep interest in the club's welfare. Among the many toasts honored, the toast of the Firm, who by their liberality do much to encourage the club, was honored by a rousing three times three. Songs were given by Messrs. Featherstonhaugh, Lancaster, Oxley, Borton, Harris, Griffiths, Stuttaford, Peters and Kidner. The committee of management—Messrs. Lancaster, Baker, Oxley and Kidner—deserve credit for the successful termination of the affair, which was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

Miss Maude Scales has returned after a long trip in the States, New York, etc., and is going to stay with Mrs. Chopitea.

Mrs. Jack King leaves on Saturday for New York for a three weeks' visit.

The Lorne Rugby Football Club At Home is already the topic among the younger folk, and a lovely evening is assured. Mr. H. Gerald

Wade, the secretary, and a very able committee composed of Messrs. F. A. Wilson, W. P. Eby, J. H. Watson, H. D. Eby, B. J. Winans, C. S. Meek, R. H. Easton, W. A. J. Hoskins, W. J. Morrison, and C. F. Somerville, are assured of a great success. The Lady Patronesses are: Madames Coaby, Eby, Chadwick, Phillips, Hood, Wade, Armstrong, and Wallbridge.

Mr. Nassau B. Eagan, after an illness of several weeks, has left for a sojourn at Clifton Springs, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom MacIntyre have taken up their residence at 266 Bloor street west. Mrs. MacIntyre has just returned from spending a couple of months in Guelph and Peterboro'.

Cards are out for an At Home to be given by Mrs. T. R. Clougher on Friday afternoon from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

An Appropriate Hymn.

The unfortunate young man had moved his hat from place to place in the pew, but always had to move it again. His pew seemed particularly popular, and there was no abiding spot for that piece of headgear, which happened to be a shining silk hat of the most approved shape. Finally, when he was tightly wedged into one corner and there seemed to be nothing for him to do but to hold the hat tenderly on his lap for the rest of the service, he had an inspiration. The pew in front was still empty. He leaned over, gently deposited his cherished head covering on the cushioned seat and gave himself up to pious reflection.

By and by the owners of that pew made a late entrance. The youth gazed at them with

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